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ROBERT C. LEE

Dick Gregory Goes Fishing

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A Blameth Over Homicide

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THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORK CAR W. DAVID GARDNER

LETTERS

China's necessity

Woodland, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Resident in China for nearly fifty years, I can help reduce correspondent James Weekes's puzzlement as to the "necessity" of communism for China [letter, *The Nation*, Mar. 21].

Japan initiated its industrial success less upon a "democratic system" — implying the exercise of universal suffrage — than upon the pre-existence of a largely unified state and a powerful ruling class, imbued with a martial spirit, who loyally yielded allegiance to a strong centralized authority. . . .

When I left China, just before the Communist take-over, my friends among the Chinese intelligentsia were, though reluctantly, conceding the inevitability (if not the "necessity") for the Communists to succeed to the vacuum which derived from the multiple failures of the Nationalists.

If the majority of competent observers of the present China "assume that the present way in China is best," a near-lifetime observer of pre-Communist China can validate that assumption upon the fact that the Communists have furnished the foundations upon which Japan's success was grounded. . . . If today it should be true that there is "suffering by large minorities," I was a near-lifetime witness in China to suffering by large majorities.

Ernest T. Nash

gun shop

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Readers of Robert Sherrill's "The Big Shoot" [*The Nation*, Mar. 7] may be interested in a 1965 case dealing with an arms factory in the Los Angeles area. In March of that year, the Erquiaga Arms Company was raided by thirty state, county sheriff, and federal Internal Revenue agents under the stimulus of California Attorney General Thomas Lynch. Lynch feared that the weapons were going to private racist-rightist armies in California. The raiders found 373 machine guns and 100,000 rounds of ammunition. . . .

The Los Angeles County Sheriffs Department, under Peter Pitchess, claimed it had no prior knowledge of the factory. The plant, which is only two blocks from the sheriffs' station, admitted shooting targets in their yard, as part of a product-testing program. Rumor had it that the guns were for a Central American adventure and the investigation stopped.

J. E. Sherman

Kauffmann's previews

New York City

DEAR SIR: Howard Junker's review of Stanley Kauffmann's drama criticism for *The New York Times* [*The Nation*, Mar. 14] makes good sense for the most part. It includes an array of solid arguments in defense of Kauffmann's policy of attending previews when he can. But I must take issue with one of Mr. Junker's assumptions: that "Broadway hardly deserves the high standards Kauffmann wants to apply." Never mind Broadway—what about readers? Don't they deserve high standards? It's the Broadway fraternities listed by Mr. Junker—the League of New York Theaters, *Variety*, the Dramatists Guild and the others—that suppose reviews are written to sell tickets or to frighten customers away. I can read Kauffmann's columns precisely because they are concerned every time with a show, not with its commercial possibilities. . . .

Although I haven't agreed with all of Kauffmann's assessments, I suggest that he is doing a number of things the other people on the dailies aren't: (1) pretty con-

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EDITORIALS

Goliath's Dilemma

Eighteen months ago, *The Nation's* editorial stand was that the best the United States could hope for in Vietnam was a political development among the Vietnamese which would give us an excuse for getting out. It would have been awkward but, under the conditions then prevailing, not too difficult. On the pretext that we were obliged to help a small country against an invader, we had some 20,000 men in the field: if the small country misconstrued our altruistic intentions, we could depart without an intolerable loss of face. Now we have 250,000 troops in the air and on the ground in Vietnam, and another 60,000 men in the Seventh Fleet offshore. We have vast military installations in the country, which we are augmenting at top speed. To leave now would be far more humiliating than it would have been in 1963 or 1964, yet it may soon be either that or an open take-over of the country and an end to all the hypocrisy about our unselfish aims. Nothing that President Johnson can do, or Ambassador Lodge, or anyone in Saigon or in Washington, can alter what is now plain for all to see—that the greatest military power in the world cannot impose its will on a country which is hardly a nation at all but which, in resisting our dominance, may become one.

The delusions that have animated the Pentagon and the Johnson Administration are being torn away. Most of the would-be controllers, civilian and military, are silent. When talk gets around to what the U.S. might do, Philip Geyelin writes from Washington in *The Wall Street Journal* (April 12), "conversation lags or wanders off into grim contemplation of contingency plans for a rich variety of possible calamities." James Reston: "The American Government, with all its power, has never seemed more helpless than it does now in the face of the political turmoil in Saigon" (*The New York Times*, April 13). Even Joseph Alsop has to admit that the immediate political outlook is "far from encouraging," and the only ray of light is that enemy losses have been high in recent months. When Alsop no longer lectures from the vantage point of his many months in Vietnam, things could hardly be worse.

To all this, however, there is another side. The worst outcome, for the American and Vietnamese people alike, would have been the triumph of American intervention in the civil war and its remorseless use of Vietnam as a proving ground for its latest weapons. Now, while the hawks sit disconsolately on their perches, the doves are multiplying. Rep. Charles E. Bennett, a senior member of the House Armed Services Committee, calls for placing the situation in South Vietnam "immediately" in the hands of the UN "in prompt steps towards truly free elections by the South Vietnamese people." Whatever the outcome, even if the Communists should win, Bennett says, we must abide by the result. Sen. Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, warns that collapse of the Ky regime may force an "agonizing reappraisal" of our involvement in the Vietnamese war. "If it becomes clearly evident that a majority of the Vietnamese do not want our help," says Russell, "I would favor withdrawing immediately both military forces and economic aid."

This is sage, if belated counsel. Two crucial points, however, should not be overlooked. First, elections held under the supervision of the military junta which, with American arms and manpower, has held Vietnam in its grip, will be as farcical as the pretense that our aims in Vietnam have been disinterested. The Vietcong must have the same right to vote as the supporters of the junta, if it can still muster support when the election is held. In short, there must be a cease-fire before the future of Vietnam can be decided.

Second, Russell's threat to withdraw economic aid at such a juncture is the worst possible policy. The United States is in honor bound to make good, as far as possible, the damage it has inflicted on Vietnam. And those like Russell who do not wish the Communists to take power in Vietnam should give all possible aid, now and in the future, to the Buddhists and their allies who, if they succeed in forming a government, will try to establish a neutralist regime. The folly of projecting into the future the theory that those who are not our accomplices in the war against the Vietnamese people are Communists or Communist sympathizers, should by now be too obvious to be missed.

Through all this tumult and disintegration, the President has been silent. Before speaking again, he should reflect prayerfully on the past. Nguyen Cao Ky has just issued a revealing statement: "I have told the Americans that some day they will have to have a face-to-face confrontation with Red China, and to solve the war in Vietnam they will have to attack Red China."

The Parents

"I pray," wrote the President, "that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." When Abraham Lincoln took up his pen to commiserate with Mrs. Bixby on the death of her five sons on the battlefields of the Civil War, he did not set out to write a classic, but out of Lincoln's heart, and the nature of that war, a classic came. It is impossible to imagine anything of the kind emerging from the dirty war in which the United States is now engaged, and that is a measure both of the conflict and of the people who are sending young men to a sad and futile death.

Frank De Marchi, a combat veteran of the European theatre in World War II, was notified on April 7 of the death of his 22-year-old son in Vietnam. On the same day, George Cannata received the same melancholy news; his son was only 18. The De Marchi and Cannata families live in Queens, N.Y., a quarter of a mile apart, but they had never met. Grief brought them together—grief and a conviction that their sons had died in a cause that offered no consolation to their parents.

"I'm going over there and tell him how I feel because he knows what it's about," Mr. De Marchi said. "I'm not proud. I think this war is uncalled for, and I think my son and all the other sons died in vain."

The son had thought so too. "He said it was a lousy war," Mr. De Marchi recounted, "that he didn't like it and he thought it was unnecessary."

The Cannata boy was a paratrooper. He had enlisted

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THE NATION

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right after finishing high school. "He liked to jump," Mrs. Cannata said, "but I didn't raise him for that. Of course we're bitter. We sit around the living room and ask ourselves what the country is doing there and why this had to happen."

Parents all over the United States are beginning to feel this way. In Pickens, S.C., Mrs. Essie Johnson was informed that her eldest son, Charles, 25, had been killed in combat. Another son, Leroy, 21, had not been heard from for some time and there was apprehension that he might be missing in action. A third son, Howard, 24, had been wounded and sent home. "No war is good," Mrs. Johnson said, "but I felt real strong about this one, even before Charles died. And it ain't right for three sons to have to go. I don't think any of our boys should be there fighting."

If this wretched war continues, sons and parents alike will find the courage to protest. Americans are being sent to their deaths in a cause as inglorious as the devastation of Spain by Mussolini and Hitler in the thirties. This is a war in which the parents of the dead are deprived of the one consolation which, in past wars, might have been theirs. The only recourse remaining to them, and to all of us, is to resist the iniquity that has been imposed on us.

Bilking the Public

In a forceful roundup titled "Quality Street," Fairchild Publications, which publishes eight important trade papers, discloses that close to \$3 billion in taxes—that's *billions*, not millions—goes down the drain each year owing to shoddy workmanship in goods purchased by the Defense Department. Since Defense is in a much better position to enforce reliability and performance standards than is the general public, one can only guess at the cost of defective merchandise to the people of the most advanced industrial country of the world.

This will be vociferously denied. "Business brass and spokesmen," Fairchild News Service writes, "are armed with soporifics which claim that the problems on Quality Street are red herrings. . . . But when souls are bared, the quality issue is immense. It turns into a *La Ronde*, with each group ready to blame another. In [clothing], stores blame manufacturers, who blame fabric houses, who blame converters, who all, in turn, blame one another, labor unions and consumers."

That quotation raises a seldom noted aspect of the quality problem. It is not solely a matter of incompetent or dishonest vendors victimizing the public. Modern industry is an immense complex of specialized, interlocked production. Often a single undetected bad component will cause untold trouble to everyone in the subsequent chain of distribution, with the consumer the ultimate victim. Except for *Consumers Union*, occasional forays like this of Fairchild Publications, and the efforts of some government agencies, the consumer has little protection. Esther Peterson, President Johnson's adviser on consumer affairs, says there is no doubt that quality has deteriorated, but "it's up to the discerning consumer to reject the tawdry," which is to say that the White House defense of the consumer is largely symbolic.

Government agencies are more active on their own behalf, yet the estimated \$3 billion annual Defense Depart-

ment loss shows how spotty even this vigilance is. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is currently spending \$500,000 on a reliability and quality assurance drive. The McDonnell Aircraft Corp., prime contractor for the Gemini program, imposes its own quality standards on subcontractors and sends inspectors into their plants to enforce compliance. Yet Gemini 8 came within a hair of being lost with its crew because of an electrical short circuit, and the chief scientific experiment of the whole space program—the \$60 million Orbiting Astronomical Observatory—has turned out a heartbreaking failure because of battery trouble.

These spectacular breakdowns do not affect the consumer as much as the poor quality or premature failure of so many of the products he buys. If some of the money spent on advertising, with its ludicrous claims of perfection, were spent on the product instead, the mass consumer would have fewer woes. Everybody is a consumer, but the burden of defective merchandise falls unequally on different strata. An unsatisfactory appliance does not stay long in a well-to-do household. The family gets rid of it, usually via a dealer, to a middle- or lower-class family, which may be permanently stuck with it. When it comes to soft goods, high-priced apparel is pretty sure to be of at least passable quality, while shoddy wares are more usually passed on to bargain hunters.

Aside from the unremitting struggle for the largest possible profit, failing quality may be due to automation, as some experts believe, or to the stepped-up demand accompanying a hectic prosperity. In either case, things will probably get worse. Poor quality is a hidden form of inflation which does not appear in the price index—but it shows up in the household budget and in individual well-being.

In one recent mishap the entire field staff of a company had to be mobilized to pull a mislabeled drug off the market. "You don't find food people putting corn labels on tomatoes," an FDA official remarks. "I can't imagine why the drug industry hasn't applied the same policy of label control." One reason may be that the consumer can tell corn from tomatoes but not one drug from another.

Blasphemy

Americans dislike thinking about what their land-hungry ancestors did to the Indian; by and large, they don't feel that they need to. Massacre, deportation and treachery fit awkwardly into the image of our heroic past, but what is done is done, and there is nothing to be gained from crying over spilled blood.

Unfortunately, the book is not quite closed. There are still some Indians left, and where they survive they are abused. Two articles in this issue (p. 483) make evident that the red man is still fair game in his own land.

It is not just a case where might makes right; it is also that ignorance produces cruelty. For example, when the United States created the Carson National Forest in New Mexico (1906) it took from the Indians some 50,000 acres surrounding Blue Lake. The framers of that scheme must have known that they were stealing real estate, but they may not have realized that they were committing blasphemy. White men worship in churches and temples; they bury their

dead in holy ground and set up monuments to their God. But they do not worship through nature itself (the state of their land today is proof that they do not). The fact that Blue Lake and the land surrounding it was holy ground to the Taos Indians was not considered in the land grab. Or if it was considered, it was no deterrent.

Sixty years later, the Indian Claims Commission said, yes, we did steal that land and now we should pay for it. But the Taos will not take the money—Indians do not sell the home of their gods. We have never observed Indian treaties; do we now also deny that Americans have the right to worship according to their convictions and traditions? There is only one honest and honorable solution to this situation: the Blue Lake region must be given back to the Taos Indians. It will take an act of Congress to erase this sacrilege, and Sen. Clinton Anderson of New Mexico has introduced the appropriate bill. It should pass without discussion. What is there to say?

Who Pays the Freight?

In his first hundred days in office, Mayor Lindsay of New York City has not received quite the ardent support from the financial community that *The Nation* bespoke for him. But the conflicts that have arisen are at least revealing. Residents of the great metropolis had been induced to believe that the less known about city finances the better for all concerned. An educational process has now been started, and some aspects of the city's financial plight can be seen with the unaided eye. For example, who doesn't pay taxes in New York—which, when one comes to think about it, is quite as important as who does.

Turning its attention to a report of the Women's City Club, the Lindsay administration calls attention to the following:

(1) The enormous increase in tax-exempt religious, educational and charitable property holdings in New York City. These free riders, some of whom are deserving and some of whom are not, have increased by a billion dollars, or nearly 90 per cent, in the last decade.

(2) The substantial increase of state and federally owned property, which should be paying much larger "in lieu" amounts. From 1956 to 1966, federal holdings have increased by 33 per cent, state by 175 per cent. The Port of New York Authority increased its tax-exempt properties by 79 per cent, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority by 511 per cent. All these types of property involve city services; why should they not share in the cost?

(3) The largest financial interests in this great financial center—banks and insurance companies—have been very gently treated by the tax collector. As Murray Drabkin, the Mayor's tax adviser, suggests: "Why shouldn't business giants pay their fair share?" They will have to find a better answer than cries of anguish, which somehow do not rend the hearts of the bystanders.

In general, the financing policies of American cities have been bad. New York may be no worse than other cities, but since it is bigger its problems are more formidable. They are not insoluble, however, and if Mr. Lindsay accomplishes nothing else, his courageous airing of the well-kept secrets of the past will stand to his credit.

Goof

President Johnson has declared May 1 to 8 National Music Week and has taken the occasion to state his gratification that "the United States today is producing some of the world's most talented musicians." Such gestures are entirely perfunctory; any professional or commercial group of passable respectability can get the President to dedicate a week to its activities and say a few benevolent words.

No one is fooled by this sort of thing, and it makes the associated morticians, bakers, plasterers and fruit growers of the country proud and presumably prosperous. But from time to time a President will make a gesture that is not supposed to be at the level of throwing out the first baseball of the season (which symbolic office, regrettably, Mr. Johnson delegated this year to Mr. Humphrey). For instance, the President has recently ordained a Council on the Humanities. Does he care any more about humanities than he does about throwing baseballs? If he does, what is Meredith Willson doing on that Council?

Mr. Willson writes hit shows (*The Music Man*, *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*), and if the President were disposed to proclaim a National Two Seats in the Orchestra Week, a few kind words on the Willson contribution to show biz would be in order. But the music he writes is a commodity, not a humanity.

And it is not as though Mr. Willson had been appointed to the Council as a homey balance to some long-hair twelve-tone types; he is the *only* representative of the musical [*sic*] world on that panel of twenty-six. There is nothing in the Constitution that says a President must be educated in the arts, but a decent respect for the opinions of those who are should urge Mr. Johnson to seek help in avoiding this sort of embarrassing blunder.

Oil of Discord

With the adoption by the Security Council of a resolution which "calls upon the Government of the United Kingdom to prevent by the use of force if necessary the arrival at Beira of vessels reasonably believed to be carrying oil destined for Rhodesia," the African countries have scored a new point in their effort to force Britain to embark on a crusade against South Africa and to demonstrate concretely that they have chosen between the new African nation and the "unholy three" (South Africa, Rhodesia and Portugal).

True, the resolution was introduced by Britain, but it was forced upon the Wilson government, as the oil embargo had been last November, by the Africans threatening to invoke UN mandatory sanctions, including the use of force, against the racist government of Ian Smith.

Britain's Lord Caradon came to the Security Council in a show of great urgency for its authorization to carry out a most serious act under international law—that of intercepting and perhaps attacking foreign ships on the high seas. No doubt he also needed this mandate to placate the Conservatives' opposition at home to any use of force.

At best, the Security Council resolution, which deals only with the unloading of oil for pumping through the Mozambique pipe line at Beira, can bring only a tem-

porary lull in the African clamor at the UN. Singling out weak Portugal as a target (Mozambique is a Portuguese colony) calls new attention to the British reluctance to take measures against South Africa. Thus, a British Navy boarding party, in an episode reminiscent of older times, did prevent the tanker *Manuela* from reaching Beira, but only in order to send it on to Durban. The unloading of the *Manuela's* oil cargo in that South African port could be the signal for renewed agitation in the UN. The British have stretched the Charter to the point of labeling the arrival of tankers at Beira a "threat to the peace," but they are not ready to put the same label on the shipment of refined South African oil to Rhodesia. Sanctions against South Africa would cut deeply into a British economy which the Labour government is trying to lift from the doldrums.

From a legal point of view, international and mandatory sanctions—including the use of force—under Chapter VII of the Charter, must be based on a determination that the situation endangers "international peace and security." Such a determination can hardly be made in good faith in the absence of any visible agitation against the Smith regime from the African majority in Southern Rhodesia, let alone any foreign intervention. Yet the application of Chapter VII, including the use of British troops in Rhodesia itself, is what the Africans are trying to extract from Britain and the other big powers, all of whom, for reasons of their own, are wary of the UN as a military arm. The Africans did not succeed in their attempt this time, but they will continue to press relentlessly in this direction, and to some of them a British veto to such a resolution would constitute almost as big a success as its adoption by the Council.

London may not be able to retain the initiative in the Rhodesian problem, which could become a test case for future action against South Africa. If the British Government cannot safeguard its privileged position to choose the form and degree of pressure it wishes to apply on Salisbury, it may well be forced to throw the whole situation into the lap of the United Nations, as it did in the case of Palestine.

Fellow Traveler

Barry Goldwater, who admits that he may well be a Senatorial candidate in 1968, is beginning to try out a few ideas to see if they will sizzle. Speaking the other day to the American Chamber of Commerce in Mexico City, he projected a situation wherein the United States and Russia might join forces. "If the Communists win in Southeast Asia and continue on across into India and Pakistan, that would constitute the ingredients of World War III. At that time, I believe we would find ourselves allied with the Russians, as well as the rest of the free world, in a fight against a common enemy."

In the White House, Goldwater would probably have pursued an Asian policy very much like the one that was adopted by the man we elected President for no clear reason except that Barry frightened us half to death. Goldwater diplomacy would have been no funnier than Johnson diplomacy, but as an outsider Barry is still a card. The Goldwater-Kremlin axis is a notion so eccentric that it may even win him votes from the more satiric-minded citizens of Arizona.

The High Cost of Fighting

Like medical care, the cost of war is going up, and largely for the same reason—technological progress. The Vietnamese war is, in one aspect, a fiscal experiment: how much can a modern nation shoot away in a given time over limited terrain? The M-14 rifle can fire bursts of 150 rounds per minute, the M-16 can go as high as 750, and when a superannuated C-47, fitted with three machine guns, lets go at guerrillas who may or may not be there, as much as 18,000 rounds per minute pour into the jungle. Those air strikes, which are constantly called for when the infantry runs into trouble, also require gasoline, aircraft maintenance, communications equipment and sundry other items. And that is only tactical stuff. Jet-propelled fighter-bombers like the F-4 or F-105 carry more destructive bomb loads than the propeller-driven heavy bombers of World War II could carry, while B-52s, flying ten-hour trips from Guam at \$1,300 per hour per plane, drop bombs worth \$30,000 from each aircraft, often with no result except holes in the ground.

At this rate, the Vietnamese war will soon be costly enough to strain our gargantuan economy and make it difficult, if not impossible, for the fiscal managers to continue their tightrope walk between inflation and deflation. Those who think it will be easy should read "The Vietnam War: A Cost Accounting" by William Bowen and an impressive team of economic consultants, in the April *Fortune*. As these experts completed their task, the number of servicemen in South Vietnam stood at 235,000. By the end of the year, the troop strength may be 400,000 or—who knows?—600,000. However, basing itself on early 1966 strengths, the Johnson Administration is budgeting at a yearly rate of about \$10 billion. According to Bowen and associates, the actual present cost is more like \$13.7 billion, and before the end of fiscal 1967, on the basis of the projected (probably minimal) figure of 400,000 troops, it will be in the neighborhood of \$21 billion. And these are only *direct* costs. As the *Fortune* analysts point out, the war's economic effects are expansionary out of all proportion to the actual increases in what is still called "defense" spending. Supplies of skilled workers, materials, machinery and credit are already under mounting pressure; shortages of copper and textiles are emerging, and drafts of physicians will coincide neatly with the inauguration of medicare later in the year.

With consumable munitions alone (small-arms ammunition, grenades, bombs, etc.) running at the present rate of some \$3 billion a year, and with steep rises in prospect, none of this is bad news for companies like Olin Mathieson Chemical or Hercules Powder. Nor is *Fortune* particularly perturbed: it takes patriotic pride in the fact that with their abundant fire power, "the superb U.S. fighting men in South Vietnam clobber the Vietcong in shooting encounters"—when they can manage to find them. It is only that *Fortune* feels obliged to point out to the business community that the war has been financed, so far, largely out of pre-existing inventories and on credit. One way or another, modern war being what it is, bad news is in prospect. Without being unduly cynical, one may surmise that the Administration will hold back the worst until after November, and then let the citizens have it in bulk. Remember 1964?

DOLLARS OVER ASIA

Japan: Co-Prosperity Again

ALBERT AXELBANK

Formerly with UPI in Formosa and Japan, Mr. Axelbank is a free-lance correspondent who reports regularly on Asia in the American press.

Tokyo

Prominent Americans, including even Vice President Humphrey, make no bones about their present ignorance of Asia in general and China in particular. Therefore the Japanese, who know China intimately both from present-day contacts and long geographic and racial affinities, are ill-disposed to accept lectures from the U.S. State Department on their failure to understand the Peking regime. Very outspoken on this theme was Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs William Bundy, who said recently that "large segments of Japanese opinion seriously misunderstand" China and also "gravely underestimate the threat that Chinese Communist domination of south and Southeast Asia would present to Japan's own interests." The U.S. Ambassador to Tokyo, Dr. Edwin O. Reischauer, has also upbraided the Japanese for not fully comprehending the realities of contemporary China.

For their part, large sections of the Japanese public, the press, and many liberal as well as conservative politicians earnestly appeal for a decline in bellicosity between Wash-

ington and Peking, and hope that the Senatorial hearings on China will soften U.S. attitudes toward that country. Indeed, many Japanese leaders, including senior advisers to Premier Eisaku Sato's own staunchly pro-American ruling party, hold that Japan should act as a "bridge" or "mediator" in the Sino-U.S. confrontation. They feel, with much justification, that they know both disputants well.

The Japanese are painfully accustomed to indiscreet criticism from high-ranking U.S. officials. During the occupation, Gen. Douglas MacArthur once referred to the Japanese people as possessing the "mentality of 12-year-olds." Not long ago, two State Department officials, Assistant Secretary of State Douglas MacArthur II, a postwar ambassador to Japan and nephew of the general; and Under Secretary of State George Ball, charged that two of Japan's biggest and most renowned newspapers—*Asahi* and *Mainichi*—were swarming with Communists. Ambassador Reischauer immediately denied the accusation and stoutly defended the papers.

Nevertheless, the *Mainichi* commented indignantly: "It must be regarded as regrettable that American policy makers with such meager knowledge of Japan are allowed to continue in making Asian policy." (Some conservatives later publicly voiced the opinion that a sort of "occupation mentality" seemed to linger among U.S. leaders.)

The causes of the recent stiff American censure—critics might use the word "pressure"—are not hard to detect. For one thing, the United States is sharply upset by Japan's leaping trade with Peking. Sino-Japanese commerce reached nearly \$500 million in 1965, up more than 50 per cent from the previous year. In fact, China was Japan's fifth largest trading partner. The government announced in February that China was the "second biggest export market" after only the U.S. Moreover, this rising trade has been achieved in spite of various officially imposed restrictions such as refusal to grant government-subsidized Export-Import Bank credits to China, and an admonition by Premier Sato to the nation's leading industrialists and financiers to "go slow" in the China trade in view of the escalation of the Vietnamese war and the deterioration in Washington-Peking relations.

Doubtless another source of American distress is the anticipation that if Japan sidles too close to its giant mainland neighbor, through trade and other contacts, a public opinion in Japan that is favorable to China would make it increasingly difficult for the United States to extend its military pact with Japan—it is terminable in 1970 if either side so wishes—without the risk of anti-American demonstrations. When the pact was revised six years ago, it aroused a storm of protest and national turbulence that eventually toppled Premier Nobusuke Kishi, who is Sato's older brother.

Paradoxically, although a number of America's China



experts recently told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that China—far from seeking a nuclear war with the United States—is actually girding in anticipation of an American attack. Washington officials have issued a stern warning to China's non-Communist neighbors, Japan included, to beware a nuclear-armed China whose intermediate range N-missiles will be able to destroy them within three to five years. Since many, possibly a large majority, of the Japanese people entertain friendly feelings toward the Chinese and have little fear of an attack from Peking, some conservative quarters here think that such American notification is part of a long-range joint U.S.-Japan effort to "educate the Japanese public about the menace of Peking to Japan's security."

Japan's China experts, including those within the ruling conservative party, have—unlike their American counterparts—often visited Peking and held lengthy, and sometimes give-and-take, discussions with China's leaders. Invariably these experts have returned to Tokyo with favorable impressions of the Chinese leadership. It is worth noting that after the vice president of Japan's ruling party, Shojiro Kawashima, had talked with Chinese Premier Chou En-lai in Jakarta in 1965, he declared that he found Chou "very flexible."

It is therefore not surprising that Japanese public opinion, as reflected by the press, was solidly behind a recent spanking of the United States administered by "elder statesman" and four-time Premier Shigeru Yoshida, who is regarded as one of Japan's most pro-American leaders. Speaking of how Americans "do not listen to others," Yoshida asserted: "Of course this attitude comes naturally when you consider yourself to be of a superior race." Said the 88-year-old Yoshida, who continues to wield power in the ruling party: "I have told Americans over and over again that they do not understand Asia."

Japanese conservatives who have visited Peking have conveyed to that nation's leadership the request that China make every endeavor for "peaceful coexistence" with the United States. On the other hand, some liberals within Sato's majority party who see the whole question of peace—or war—in Asia as depending on whether or not the policies of Peking and Washington become increasingly flexible, have wryly spoken of the need for Japan to dispatch a "peace corps" to the United States to "help soften Americans' attitudes toward China." Meanwhile, the mass-circulation *Yomiuri Shimbun* likens both China and the United States to "two blind men, looking at each other through a fence."

Capital's Last Frontier

JULES HENRY

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To understand the nature of American involvement in the underdeveloped areas of the globe, one must recognize that the economy of the United States differs from that of many other developed countries. England and Japan, and to a lesser extent France and West Germany, are heavy exporters of goods, although they *also* export capital. In the United States, however, export of capital so far outruns export of commodities as to cause a serious dollar drain. Being primarily a capital-exporting nation, the United States needs markets for investment.

Since 1939, the gross national product of the United States has risen steeply, in large part because of the demand for armaments to wage the cold war and to maintain the American universal gendarmerie. A main purpose of this activity has been to keep socialism at bay, and the primary reason for doing so is that Socialist economies are useless to a country relying heavily on capital export. Socialist countries will buy abroad, but they want to develop, as far as that is possible, without foreign investment. Our failure to establish more than trivial economic relations with the Communist countries no longer derives so much from our reluctance to trade with them as from the fact that we are less interested in trade than in investment.

Meanwhile, our military efforts to keep the world free for American investment generate huge economic surpluses,

i.e., capital for investment, because the war-nourished industries at home expand the economic surplus. Thus the very process of protecting the world for American investment creates still greater need for fields in which to invest. The presence of a huge and growing economic surplus makes it absolutely imperative that the world be kept free—for American investment. For that reason we cannot, *under our present system*, ever withdraw our armies from underdeveloped areas, unless we can arrange for a substitute gendarmerie. Corporation profits have no other place to go because the fields for investment at home grow steadily narrower.

Asia represents one of the last frontiers for investment capital. In this connection, the following quotes from a Saigon dispatch in *The New York Times* of May 12, 1965, are important:

New industry is developing [in South Vietnam] at an encouraging rate. Moreover, American aid officials believe, several companies operating here for a few years with American financial support are plowing back their profits into expansion rather than returning them to the United States.

The article then states that the Vietcong have spared industrial developments in South Vietnam, and goes on to say:

In one instance, guerrillas made no hostile move against an important dairy products processing plant, backed by American investment, but they attacked a police post only a few hundred yards away.

"When the shooting stops," a United States aide said,

"there is every expectation of a lively expansion. . . ."

American investment in South Vietnamese industry is still light, centered chiefly in three plants: A cotton textile mill, a paper mill, and a dairy products plant. Other companies have surveyed the possibilities and expressed interest, but are waiting for the situation to improve.

On December 9, 1965, *The New York Times*, in a dispatch from Saigon, revealed that the Bank of America and the Chase National Bank had opened offices in Saigon. The dispatch continues:

Their representatives have quietly visited Saigon in recent weeks for conferences with officials of the National Bank of Vietnam.

At least two other big American financial institutions—the First National City Bank of New York and the American Express Company—are also studying the possibility of opening offices in Vietnam.

Their interest has been whetted by the large number of United States servicemen on duty here. But in the opinion of economic specialists at the American Embassy, Vietnamese businessmen are good potential customers.

The United States, however, is not the only country with banking interests in Vietnam. Ten of the fifteen banks now operating in Saigon are owned by foreigners, particularly by British and French interests. The article continues:

Henry M. Sperry, a First National City Bank vice-president and resident in Hong Kong . . . [said] "We believe we're going to win this war. . . . Afterwards, you'll have a major job of reconstruction on your hands. That will take financing, and financing means banks.

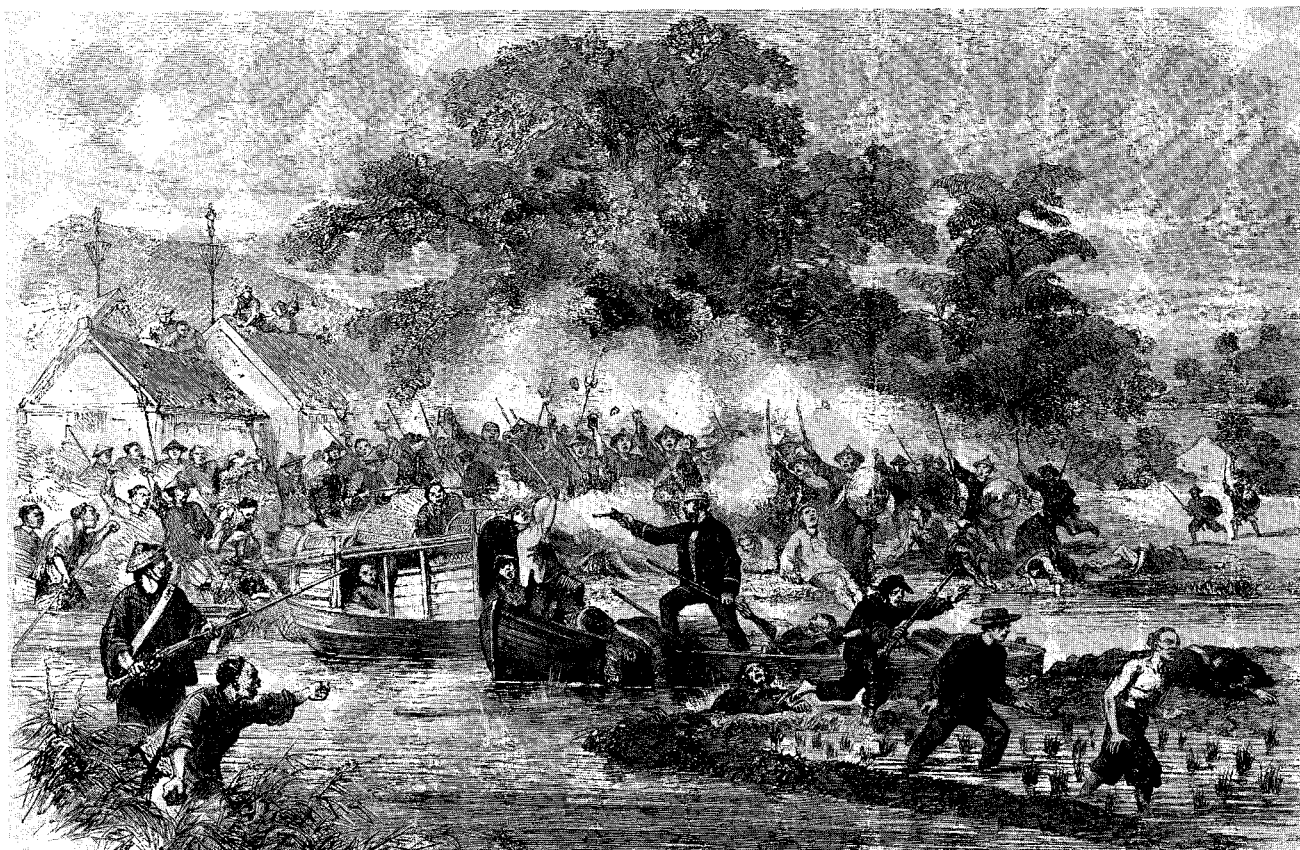
"I think the Government here recognizes the need for American banks. It would be illogical to permit the English and the French to monopolize the banking business, be-

cause South Vietnam's economy is becoming more and more United States oriented."

It is clear that investments now being made create a road of no return. Once made, investments must be protected.

The establishment throughout Southeast Asia of industrial complexes backed by American capital is sure to have a salutary effect on the development of our foreign involvements: the vast and cheap labor pool will permit competition with the lower production costs of Chinese and Japanese industry, which have immobilized our trading capabilities in Asia for many years.

The history of American involvements in Asia casts light on the foresight of American statesmen. Early in the 19th century, the British were "opening doors" in Asia with the simple key of artillery. In 1858, the United States helped open the door of Japan, which at that time was closed to international trade, by sending Admiral Perry to line up an American fleet in Tokyo harbor. The Japanese, always quick to accept the inevitable, let the Americans in; but at the same time they launched industrialization and militarization programs of such power that by the turn of the century Japan had defeated Russia, was rapidly penetrating the Asian market, and was able to squeeze the Americans out. The rest everybody knows: by the 1930s Japan had almost brought China to its knees; it controlled Manchuria and could use China and all of south Asia as outlets for its industrial production. Thus our effort to get into Asia through Japan had boomeranged, and when in 1941 Cordell Hull presented the Japanese with an ultimatum to get out of China, the boomerang hit Pearl Harbor. In short, our eco-



Illustrated London News

conomic adventures in Asia helped to embroil us in World War II.

After the war Japan—with the help of substantial U.S. orders during the Korean War—became again a world economic power, its growth in recent years being faster than our own (at least, until the recent Japanese recession).

Japan must export to live, and China must import to live. Despite American objections, trade between Japan and mainland China is expanding. So, having crushed Japan because of its control of China, we assist it to its feet, whereupon it develops trade with China. If the question be asked, "Who can speak on foreign policy?," one is constrained to answer, "Surely not the statesmen who planned our past wars; for they lack the power to see beyond their noses."

Though the dream of the "co-prosperity sphere" brought Japan to ruin in 1945, the following quotes from *The New York Times* of February 10 suggest that it has not entirely renounced the concept. The article was headed "Japanese To Call Asian Aid Meeting," and said in part:

Japan's second attempt in this century to win a leading role in Asian regional affairs will begin shortly with the issuance of invitations to Southeast Asian countries to confer in Tokyo April 6 and 7. . . .

Without saying so openly, leading Japanese see the conference plans as a revival of earlier Japanese ambitions in the region. . . .

The previous Japanese aims were conceived in a more ruthless political age, when all but one of the countries that will be invited to the April conference were under Western rule. . . .

Acceptances of the invitations have already been obtained in advance from Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Laos, South Vietnam and the Philippines.

It is perfectly clear that if the war in Vietnam ends with a military victory for the United States, we shall have to confront not only China but also Japan in Asia; for Japan must have Asia as a market—and for the export of *its* surplus capital. Meanwhile, Tokyo is intelligently taking advantage of the present American umbrella over Southeast Asia, while China is weak and Southeast Asia is being "protected."

The economic stake of the United States in Southeast Asia is presented in a striking way by a full-page ad which Thailand placed in *The New York Times* of January 24, obviously to attract American investment. On the same day, the paper carried an article captioned: "Foreign Investors Provide Thailand With Economic Life," and saying:

"The economic progress of the last six years has attracted several large foreign investments, mainly from the United States. Among the larger ones were a \$30,000,000 paper mill, a mechanical equipment and machinery plant, and a new luxury hotel. . . .

The economic effect of American armed intervention in Asia can be seen in the fact that in that issue of the *Times* South Korea had three full-page advertisements—more than any other country — promoting the country's economic attractions, and calling for foreign investment.

We are fighting in Asia now for the same reason we fought there in World War II. In 1941, we told *Japan* to get out of China because Japan had monopolized much of the economic capability of that country. Now we think we

are fighting to prevent *China* from monopolizing the economic capability of Asia — including China. Thus we have fought an almost uninterrupted series of wars, beginning with World War II, to keep the door in Asia open to American investment. While a military foothold in Southeast Asia will permit the expansion of American capital there, an eventual flow of American capital even into China itself is not entirely a pipe dream for a far-seeing economics statesman.

If China could be made "reasonable" it might accept American investment under some form, just as an occasional country in the Russian orbit has accepted foreign investment. One by one, Socialist countries that have excluded foreign capital have found it impossible to get along without it. The removal of Ben Bella in Algeria was followed instantly by broad agreement with France on the exploitation of Algerian oil; and Egypt, after attempting to struggle along without American capital, has at last initiated talks looking to the expansion of American investment there. The economic surplus pleads, then insists, and may eventually use force to gain an outlet; but it never loses patience, for to lose patience is to dam it up at home, and to dam it up is to suffocate the home economy. We would like to keep underdeveloped countries from going Socialist, but Socialist or not, we want an economic foot in their doors.

Extensive trade by Japan and European countries with mainland China stands in sharp contrast to our fear of the Communist dragon. Over the years *The New York Times* has reported some of the deals; I give a selection of articles, by headlines only:

October 8, 1962	Australia Sees China As Great Wool Market. High Level Delegation Will Visit Peking This Year.
August 21, 1963	Communist China Buys Textile Unit From Japanese.
December 18, 1964	Red China Is Seen As Huge Market. \$1.1 Billion Orders Predicted By British Trade Officer.
January 22, 1965	Japanese To Fill Red China Order. Textile Mill's Sale Approved But No State Credit Given.
December 20, 1965	China And Australia Sign Big Contract on Steel-Mill Unit.

I think the issue is clear: our economic stake in Asia is immense and we cannot turn back because, under present conditions, we need a field of play for our economic surplus, and because we already have an investment to protect in Southeast Asia.

Considering the ambiguities and the confusion in Administration statements about Vietnam, and the increasing immensity of our military commitment there, one might conclude that the Administration was mad. But before declaring a man mad, one has to exhaust every clue that bears on his sanity. I think that an examination of our economic situa-

tion in Asia makes it clear that the Administration is perfectly sane, as far as sanity goes in such issues, but that it dare not explain its real motives because their revelation would instantly cancel all support for the war. The United States is doing what it has always done: following or attracting the dollar. Our foreign policy has not changed—except in verbiage—since the days of Theodore Roosevelt. In the light of the economic conditions, we are literally at bay with China not in the sense that China will swallow Southeast Asia physically but in the sense that economic competition with China—and with Japan—is as inevitable as it will be unpleasant. It is clear that we are trying to do in Asia today precisely what we fought Japan for in World War II—we are trying to monopolize a market by force of arms.

Therefore, we must look forward to an existence as an armed camp for perhaps the next hundred years; for we must bear in mind that all victories will entail the policing of the areas we have won, and the peoples we have subdued will always rise against us. The solutions to our predicament are difficult also because of the structural and psychological nature of our economy. The problem can be quickly perceived if we note the difference between the way automation has been used in West Germany and the way it has been used here. In West Germany, automation is used to drive down prices; consumption rises, with the result that the unemployment created by automation is soon taken up by the expanded market. Reduction in prices also enables West Germany to compete successfully in all foreign markets, and West Germany is now the most powerful economy in Western Europe. In the United States, prices are not reduced by automation; the resulting savings are distributed in profits or retained for future investment. Though expanding, American corporations do not have to borrow.

The alternative to the present situation with respect to automation is the following: (1) Give a larger share of corporate income to workers. (2) Tax corporate profits more heavily in order to expand spending in the public sector, i.e., on control of the natural environment (water,

conservation, pollution, education, hospitals, etc.). Therefore, as we have been told a thousand times before, the solution to our international problems lies at home.

Of course, such measures can be only temporary because the economic surplus is inexorable in its demands. Part of corporate profits must always be invested in expansion, but since the more expansion the greater the economic surplus, there can be no diminution of the thrust to invest abroad, even if more money is spent at home. Capitalism is a sorcerer's mill, and nobody knows the magic word that will stop it from grinding out the economic surplus. The mill shifts from country to country, but it does not cease to grind.

A final word is necessary for those who shed tears about the destruction of the Vietnamese countryside and the disintegration of the peasantry. The history of industry shows that it is impossible to create an industrial revolution without a landless proletariat. The uprooting of peasant life in Vietnam therefore is a necessary preliminary to the industrialization of Vietnam. We know that there is more to rice cultivation than seeds and paddies—it is the *social organization* of the peasantry that makes it possible, the close integration of people in a productive system. The uprooting of families, the killing of the young men, the conversion of the daughters into prostitutes or kept women, the killing of the persons who are repositories of the lore and technique of rice culture, the fall in the birth rate, and so on, all make the rehabilitation of the old rice culture impossible and the creation of a landless proletariat inevitable. The uprooted people, however, will find work in the new industrial revolution the war holds miraculously in store for them. There will also be an agricultural revolution, for since the disintegrated peasantry will not be able to farm the land, it will be bought for a song and farmed by "more modern" methods: large enterprises run by managers and worked by hired hands. The destruction of the Vietnamese countryside is the first, and necessary, step to the industrialization of Vietnam and the rationalization of its agriculture.

UNDER THE INDIAN SIGN

A Blanket Over Homicide

LaRUE SPIKER

Miss Spiker, a resident of Maine, is a free-lance writer with a background in social work.

Southwest Harbor, Me.

A Maine state trooper performed the one symbolic act in the whole sorry mess. He tossed a blanket over the body of the dead Indian, then hurried off to investigate a housebreak in a white village some 10 miles away. Later he said he didn't want to get "involved."

However, the death of Peter Francis, the Passamaquoddy Indian in question, has ruffled the cover over the white

man's sins against the Indians in this far northeastern corner of the nation. Some people are saying that the killing was murder and that the oddly worded manslaughter charge against one of the five white hunters involved is insufficient. They suggest that whites have got away with murder long enough, that there is unequal justice under the law if you are an Indian in New England.

Don C. Gellers, an Eastport attorney representing the Indians, raised the question of unequal justice publicly in connection with Francis' death, and has been threatened with disciplinary action from the county bar association.

A Maine churchman says that had the skin colors been reversed, there would have been five murder charges. Five other Indians have died violently under questionable circumstances since 1948, and no one has ever been convicted of responsibility for any of them.

"We're tired of being treated as cattle or dogs," said Indian Constable Raymond Moore, who discovered Francis' body. "There is strong talk on the reservation now—talk of protecting ourselves in our own way if the police won't." Many of the Indians have been surprised by the interest evoked by Gellers' appeal to the two major newspapers in the state, but few of them believe it will result in changes that will guarantee protection of their lives and property in the future.

Peter Francis died on a Sunday afternoon in mid-November. You cannot hunt deer on Sunday even during the open season in Maine, and the five white Massachusetts men in question had got bored in their hunting camp. They loaded two or three cases of beer into their convertible and set out "looking for women."

There is no open season at any time on women in Maine, but the hunters, who headed for the Pleasant Point Indian Reservation some 50 miles away, had heard, sensed or knew from previous experience that the white man's law is not always applied on the reservation. Several Indian women later testified that the hunters had offered them money in exchange for sexual intercourse, but none of them accepted the offer.

It was getting late in the day when they finally pulled up in front of the home of George Francis, a man in his mid-70s and a former chief of the tribe. They saw Christopher Altvater, an Indian friend of the Francis family, about to enter the home, and tried to talk with him. Failing, they followed him into the house uninvited, bringing some beer with them.

Fifty-eight-year-old Peter Francis, brother of George, was visiting there. He was an electrician who had moved off the reservation for employment in the U.S. Naval Shipyard in Groton, Conn. He was partially disabled by a bad knee. According to later testimony by Altvater, the hunters announced their errand, saying that they had money. George Francis told them there were no women available on the reservation; but they had spotted his 18-year-old daughter, Diana, doing her homework in the home's one bedroom, and they propositioned her.

Peter Francis and Altvater accepted some beer and finally convinced the men that their efforts were fruitless after they had offered the girl money a number of times. The two finally persuaded the hunters to drive about a half mile to Altvater's home for food. There the white men began making advances to Mrs. Altvater. Her husband told her to take the girls and leave the house. She did. While the two Indian men were preparing some food, one of the hunters, later identified as James Ellinwood of Billerica, left the house, taking with him 8-year-old Kirk Altvater to act as an interpreter in case he needed one.

The frustration of the four remaining hunters turned to belligerence. Francis managed to calm them down, and they were quiet for a while. Then there was talk of leaving. Francis and Altvater followed the four white men out just as

Ellinwood and the boy came back in the car. The white man had with him 17-year-old Elsie May Paul, who is less fluent in English than in the Indian language. Maine's early winter darkness had descended over the scene.

It was then, Altvater said, that he and Francis were attacked. "They were all over us."

The struggle was picked up briefly in the headlights of the car. Kirk called out for the men not to hurt his father. Later, Elsie May told Indian Constable George Bailey that the driver of the car called out to his companions "not to hit him." Then she ran away, managing to escape from one of the men who chased her.

When the attack was over, Peter Francis lay on the ground mortally hurt. Near-by was a 3-foot length of 2x4, bloody at one end. Altvater had been knocked unconscious and ten days later still showed extensive bruises on his face, arms and legs. A blood test on Francis' body during the autopsy revealed a .01 per cent alcoholic content, considerably below the level for intoxication.

At about 6:20, Constable Moore discovered Francis' body and found Altvater in the house in a state of shock. He said he called the hospital in Eastport about 5 miles away for an ambulance, but was told that the doctor in charge was out and that the dispatcher had no authority to send one. Gellers, who had been called to the scene, asked the Eastport police for aid, but was told they had no jurisdiction since the Altvater place was just over the town line of Perry, which has no police of its own. The state trooper who covered the body with a blanket showed up about an hour later.

Within hours the county attorney, Francis A. Brown, had issued murder warrants against the five white hunters, but they were never served. On the following Wednesday, state and county officials held a conference with the five. Four of them left the same day for their homes in Billerica. They returned the next day with \$5,000 in cash which was deposited as bail for Ellinwood, and on Friday he was served with a manslaughter warrant.

Brown told one reporter that he elected the manslaughter charge as the only one he could prove on the basis of the information he had. When pressed, he said this information was the testimony of Altvater and the five white men, whose statements he could not reveal prior to action by a grand jury.

Gellers took public issue with the county attorney on the ground that the killing was murder. The Maine statute states: "Whosoever unlawfully kills a human being with malice aforethought, either express or implied, is guilty of murder. . . . [Malice is implied] by law from any deliberate cruel act committed without any, or without a considerable provocation. And all homicide is, as a general rule, presumed to be malicious."

Gellers contends that the felonious conspiracy rule applies to their solicitation of women and that the murder-felony rule, which defines as murder any death that occurs in pursuit of a felonious act, would justify murder charges against all five.

Early in January, the Maine Council of Churches announced an inquiry into the case and expressed concern for the conditions under which the Indians live. The members asked for conferences with Brown and state Attorney

General Richard J. Dubord; they also planned to write to Governor John H. Reed about the state police "investigation." Earlier, a representative of the National Council of Churches had asked Maine Senators Margaret Chase Smith and Edmund S. Muskie and the U. S. Justice Department to investigate.

Both Senators expressed concern but declined to take action on the ground that they could not interfere in a matter which was within the authority of state and county officials. The Justice Department decided that it could do nothing, since the killing did not occur on federal property and no federal civil rights statute appeared to have been violated. It did leave open the possibility of considering a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment if more information seemed to indicate that the Indians are not getting equal protection under the law.

Representatives of the Maine Council were dissatisfied with their conference with Brown. Although Dubord had announced earlier that he was content with Brown's actions, they were somewhat mollified after the meeting with him. Later it was learned he had said that secret indictments could be expected from the grand jury, an expectation which could not be announced yet since the Massachusetts men might make themselves unavailable for arrest.

When the grand jury met, it handed down only the manslaughter indictment against Ellinwood. No charges have been placed for the beating of Altvater.

Altvater was beaten by a white man several years ago and is still receiving medical care for the injuries received. Brown was attorney for the defendant then—it was before he became county attorney. The case was dropped because an Indian at the scene failed to make a positive identifica-



tion of the accused. Altwater was still in the hospital and unable to testify.

Peter Francis' death is not the first occasion on which it has been alleged that the civil rights of Maine Indians are being violated. On the basis of many social and political parallels, the press and others have likened the situation to that of Negroes in the South.

During the publicity over the recent killing, one reporter described Indian Constable Moore as "a picture of frustration when discussing the Francis case. He said he was effectively blocked from any role in the investigation. A state trooper even suggested to him that perhaps Francis' death could be blamed on Chris Altwater."

No Passamaquoddy has ever served on a grand jury in the county in which Francis died, and only during the past year has one served on a lower court jury. Not until ten years ago were Maine Indians able to vote at all, and they still cannot vote for representatives to the lower house of the legislature.

Edward D. Hinckley, head of the newly created Commission of Indian Affairs, recently stated that even if the Indians do not have a right to vote for the House of Representatives, they do have unique rights such as not having to pay property taxes, and receiving free hunting and fishing licenses! Dr. Stephen Hyatt, assistant professor of rural sociology at the University of Maine, describes the conditions under which the Indians live as "appalling." Precise information concerning these conditions is incomplete, but no one can challenge his adjective.

Houses, many of them erected at state expense, are jerry-built and inadequate. Almost 70 per cent of those on the Pleasant Point Reservation lack modern toilet facilities, and only about half of them have city water piped into the house. On the nearby Peter Dana Point Reservation all of the households obtain their drinking water from community wells and use lake water for other purposes. The lake is contaminated from septic-tank drainage, and in winter the wells freeze. The Penobscot reservation near Bangor, considered the most "affluent" of the three because there are more job opportunities in the area, has had a typhoid epidemic caused by polluted water.

The unemployment rate is high and incomes low at both Peter Dana and Pleasant Point, and the Indians are frequently characterized as lazy because of it. But the county in which they are located is a depressed area according to federal standards, with almost 42 per cent of *all* families living on incomes of less than \$3,000 per year. Throughout the state, 61 per cent of employed white persons over 14 years of age have incomes of less than \$3,000 per year; for Negroes the figure is 75 per cent and for Indians 82 per cent. State-wide, unemployment is almost three times greater among the nonwhite (Negro and Asian as well as Indian) population than among the whites.

The relationship between the Indians and the state is confused and unsatisfactory to both. The blanket covering the white man's treatment of the Indians is wrinkled, but it still cloaks the body of public ineptitude. Until the beginning of this year "Indian affairs" were administered by Maine's Department of Health and Welfare, with a budget of less than \$200,000 annually for services and

material aid for almost 2,000 Indians. Amounts of relief to individuals were niggardly and poorly administered. For example, aid for food and clothing was given in the form of "orders" to specified stores—an antiquated method that was dropped in well-administered relief agencies years ago.

Discontent became vocal among the Indians. A few were still willing to dine at the white man's table in return for some extra crusts. The rest of the Indians had a name for them: Uncle Tomahawks.

In 1963, the legislature appointed an investigative committee whose report was submitted in 1965. Almost half of the 9-page report is devoted to a vague history of the Indian people in Maine; it is something less than helpful, especially in its treatment of past treaties. The rest is a polite, condescending, and not very penetrating analysis of public hearings held on the reservations. There is no study of the basic problems.

As a result of this report, administration was transferred to a Commission of Indian Affairs, but there was no increase of appropriation. Some administrative improvements may now occur, but there is no likelihood of change in the framework of relationship between the Indians and the state, nor has any basis been laid for correcting the problems that exist.

When the white man reached this country, Maine was inhabited by the Abnaki Nation—the People of the Dawn. The territory of the Passamaquoddies, one of the tribes, extended from the St. Croix River to the Penobscot. After the French and Indian Wars were over, Massachusetts wanted this land. In 1794, it entered into a treaty with the Indians in which the latter were deeded 47,000 acres and gave up the rest in return for a promise of perpetual care from the commonwealth. When Maine became a separate state in 1820, Massachusetts threw in an extra 395,000 acres, with the proviso that the income from this chunk was to be used for the Indians. (There is disagreement among legal minds on these provisions.) All but 17,000 acres of this land has been sold off by the state, and the Indians hold that state aid is not a dole but moneys due under the treaties.

Under the early treaties, the white man's state dealt with the Indians as a separate (and conquered) nation. After it had pauperized them by treaty violation, the state became their self-appointed guardian and a patently incompetent one. Many of the political and economic problems faced by the Indian in Maine are similar to the discrimination suffered by the Negro people in the South. There are, however, two basic differences in their situations: the Indian's historic entity as a separate nation and his few numbers.

There are not enough Indians to exert the political and economic pressure that the Negro people can bring to bear in their struggle for equality. Solution of their problems therefore devolves upon the integrity of the white man, and any good will he may have will fail to meet the situation until he recognizes that he must deal with a national, not a racial, minority, and one that has a right to choose either full self-government or fully integrated citizenship.

James Ellinwood was acquitted on March 8 of assault charges brought against him in connection with the death of Peter Francis.

Dick Gregory Goes Fishing

ROBERT C. LEE

Mr. Lee is an assistant professor of English at the University of Puget Sound.

Tacoma, Wash.

"Some day we've got to stop pushing minorities around and start living up to our word in this country. If we can't do it here, where can we?" The speaker was Dick Gregory and the exigency that followed Selma, Watts and Chicago in his ever-protesting life was an off-reservation fish-in with a small band of renegade Indians on the Nisqually River near Olympia, Wash. Like Marlon Brando before him, Gregory had come to protest against State Fish and Game Department attempts to nullify fishing rights that the Indians have enjoyed under long-standing federal treaties. "Children in this area don't play cowboys and Indians any more," Gregory giped. "They play game wardens and Indians."

Frank's Landing on the Nisqually is just off the new freeway to the state capital, but the river road sometimes carries the heavier traffic. There is nothing at Frank's Landing except a dilapidated shack house that in no way differs from other Indian slum dwellings in the Puget Sound area. It costs one-third of a lifetime to be born a Nisqually or a Puyallup Indian (life expectancy, 42 years), and the rest comes with the territory: illiteracy, poverty, unemployment and disease. I asked Bill Frank, owner of Frank's Landing, about Indian life on the Nisqually and he told me this:

Not many changes I like. Used to be villages up and down this river—our river. Most dead now. TB maybe or smallpox. Got lots of smallpox from whites. Worst time was when a ship in the bay had smallpox aboard. Threw all infected clothes overboard . . . get rid of disease. Indians did not know the situation . . . wore the clothes. Smallpox ran wild.

The renegade Indian group, The Survival of American Indians Association, invited Gregory, who was appearing in a Seattle night club, to fish-in with them in defiance of a state injunction. Back at the reservation, the more conservative Indian leaders objected to Gregory's involvement, as they have to all public demonstrations. "If we win, they'll be back down here fishing," the rebels say. The far more widespread white opposition was led by Governor Dan Evans, who saw Gregory's actions as publicity-seeking by an outsider. Some whites argued that Negro rights and Indian rights do not mix, a challenge easily met by Gregory: "I hope I'm never accused of fighting only for *Negro* rights. I'm fighting for *human* rights," he told a student audience at the University of Puget Sound.

Gregory announced that he was prepared to fish forever, if necessary. The state announced that it would not arrest the "publicity seeker" unless he became a menace to fish conservation. Five days later, after white pressure had mounted, fish and game officers arrested Gregory on two counts of fishing without a license. Gregory grinned: "I caught two steelheads and one salmon. I'm a real menace to fish conservation, ain't I?" He refused to post bail, and



when he was asked how he felt about going to jail, he answered: "I'm greatly relieved. I thought they'd never arrest me. You can't catch the fish we're after sitting in this old boat."

Thurston County Jail in Olympia is like most county jails—old, grim and unsafe. The crease of a bullet hole on one of the inner doors testifies to a long-past jail break. The night Gregory was arrested, there was loud, incessant pounding on the walls of the cells behind the visiting room. Gregory acknowledged the noise and then said in a knowing tone: "The other prisoners always get very restless when this is going on. The jailers get itchy, too. Just a few can cause a lot of trouble." Two nights later, on February 17, six prisoners tried to escape from the floor that Gregory was on.

"It's a frightening thing to be in jail. When they put you in here and leave you—when you hear that key go click, it's a frightening thing. You know you have to depend on someone else to get you out. I mean, you have to *ask*." Gregory paused. The restless prisoners were still on his mind and he referred to them again: "In here would be a great time for education. They're as free as they'll ever be right now. No car payments, rent, grocery bills. No worries to block you out. A man is free here; he's receptive. But *they* (gesturing out of the jail) don't want to know that."

When the jailer asked Gregory if he could get him anything, Gregory declined. "I figured out why you didn't eat any of your supper," the jailer said. "You're a vegetarian, aren't you? And you don't like canned vegetables, do you? Want me to get you some fresh ones?" Gregory continued to refuse all offers of food, and finally the jailer left. "Fasting always makes 'em nervous. I tell 'em I don't want to put the taxpayers out," Gregory twinkled.

"Very nice jailers here. They've treated me real nice."

But then Gregory made this comment about police methods: "Generally, police brutality is worse in the North than it is in the South. I'd rather be in jail in the South, as far as treatment goes. They don't try to hide it. But in the North, you never know. They tell you one thing and sometimes do another. You can never be prepared for it. I was hospitalized twice in Chicago last summer, and they said they weren't going to touch us."

I asked Gregory if this was how he saw his entire future: protests, jails, trials, family disruptions, life at the end of an emotional tether? Without a pause, he said: "Yes. It's going to get a lot worse in this country before it gets better. Take the Indian thing. How long is that going on now? Nobody even knows, much less cares. The federal government has got a treaty with these Indians, and sooner or later LBJ has got to make up his mind on this. Do you know, if you're an Indian and you're flying over Montana having a drink—do you know what they do? They take it right out of your hand. And some Russian spy may be sitting right next to you, and he's getting plastered all the way to Los Angeles."

"There's a difficult legal question involved in the Indian fishing rights problem," I said. "Your critics say you don't know anything about it." Gregory had heard this one before, too: "I don't claim to be a legal expert. This is a matter for the U.S. Supreme Court to decide. I'm just trying to help get enough public attention aroused so that the problem can't be covered up any longer. How do you think we got the Voting Rights Act?" A difference, I suggested, might be that there is very little support for the Indians. "Oh, yes, there is," Gregory said. "It just hasn't been lit yet. The Indians don't have the money and the leaders to get heard. But they'll win this thing." I wrote "too optimistic?" in my notes. Just below the skin there is an entrenched feeling against the Indians. The Northwest white is to the red as the Southern white is to the black.

Litigation over Indian fishing rights would have appealed to the lawyers in Dickens' *Bleak House*. In the Pacific Northwest redundant lawsuits, injunctions and arrests have come and gone with the seasons for nearly eighty years. In 1889, an evidently naive U.S. commissioner at Ellensburg, Wash., sent this simple note to the Bureau of Indian Affairs: "There is some trouble about Indian fishing rights in some of the streams of this country. Will you please send me a copy of the treaty with the Yakima Indians so the matter can be settled without further trouble." As Sen. Frank Church remarked during the 1964 Senate subcommittee hearings on Indian fishing rights, "The commissioner's letter is a masterpiece of understatement." (On March 15, 1966, these same Yakima Indians appeared in court at Ellensburg to request that Washington and Oregon be prevented from interfering with the sale of Indian fish in Oregon.)

Between 1854 and 1856 the federal government (Washington did not become a state until 1889) negotiated eleven treaties with various Puget Sound Indian tribes. The most famous of these was the 1854 Treaty of Medicine Creek, by the terms of which Puget Sound Indians gave up 11 million acres of rich forest and farm land for about 4c per acre and the right to fish in their ancestral streams and

waters. Medicine Creek and the other treaties use nearly the same language—"the right of taking fish, at all usual and accustomed grounds and stations, in common with all citizens of the territory." In the years since 1854 this right has often been abridged by the state of Washington. In 1929, to take just one example, the state barred the Quinault Indians from fishing at their usual grounds at Peacock Split on the Columbia River in order to rent the spot to Baker's Bay Fishing Company for \$36,000 per year. White commercial and sports fishing infringements occur ceaselessly in the state, even though the treaty rights still stand in federal courts.

In spite of some differences in the tactics to sustain these rights, all Indians continue to interpret their claims in accordance with the original intent: "White man, Governor Stevens, promised Indian brave can fish how, where, and when they always fish since Indian brave first walk in big woods." Even such detractors as Sen. Warren G. Magnuson who, at the urging of white sports and commercial fishermen, introduced two Senate resolutions to restrict or extinguish Indian fishing rights—even Senator Magnuson admits that "this right of the Indians was purchased by them very dearly, through giving up two-thirds of the State of Washington."

Although there have been many legal wrangles over treaty language, over the question of who is a treaty Indian, and over the difference between Indians fishing for their own food and Indians fishing commercially, the state's chief legal point of attack today is its contention that the treaties did not grant a *perpetual* right to the Indians. The state argues that the original signers could not have foreseen the complex fish conservation problems of today, problems which are burgeoning with the explosions in population and in modern fishing technology. To the consternation of fish and game officials, Indians now use nylon gill nets instead of their ancestral bark nets in spawning rivers to catch salmon (spawning salmon must be netted, since they do not take bait). Sometimes Indians stretch nets all the way across the rivers, whose flows have been greatly reduced by the advent of modern power dams upstream.

The Department of Fisheries shows provocative movies of Indians netting fish to white sports fishing clubs, whose members are prohibited from netting fish. The effect is predictable: a public outcry. Another opinion molder is the charge that a few off-reservation Indians have made as much as \$60,000 to \$80,000 in a single year, an obvious impropriety for a red man. Speaking of such a capitalist Indian, a Department of Fisheries officer was quoted as saying recently: "He's out there preaching the gospel and getting all the liberals to shed tears over the Indians, and all the time he's cleaning up."

The point about which no one, Indian or non-Indian, disagrees is that sound principles of fisheries management are necessary to conservation. The question is—who shall manage Indian fishing, the state or the federal government? The Indians concede that, for a variety of reasons, they are not able to police all on- and off-reservation fishing. They also point out that they do not have quality information on fish conservation needs; they have no access to ongoing state fish biology studies on salmon runs, escapement, de-

pletion and closure times. However, the Indians do not accept the disproportionate blame placed on them for deteriorated fishing conditions. They argue that encroaching civilization is responsible for almost all of the problem: river pollution from increasing industrial and city sewage waste disposal, white commercial and sports fishing, high-rise dams, irrigation run-off, and increased log-dragging across spawning beds by lumbering companies. The Indians say they are scapegoats.

The Indian position was upheld as recently as 1963 by the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in the Oregon-Umatilla Indians case, the current highest federal court ruling on the controversy. In its decision the court agreed to allow state regulation of Indian fishing only where "indispensable to conservation," and it placed the burden of proof on the state. In other words, only after a state has further restricted white sports and commercial fishing (95 per cent of total catches in Washington state) can it begin to limit the landings of the smallest group in the overall problem, the Indians. Unfortunately, the state of Washington is not following this decision. In disavowing the federal court's right of pre-emption over state court Indian fishing rights decisions, Mike Johnston, assistant attorney general of Washington, has said: "I do not think it is a matter for the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals to lay down what is in a sense a procedural role of the state of Washington." In

Dick Gregory's words, "Man, Governor Wallace of Alabama couldn't get away with that."

What is to be done about this mess of fish? President Kennedy's 1961 task force, as few Indian fishing opponents recall, set forth as its number-one objective, "Maximum Indian economic self-sufficiency." Extinguishing Indian fishing rights is just plain inconsistent with this aim, as well as with the aims of the poverty program, about which Indians were told that "the massive resources of the federal government were mobilizing to meet the problems of Indian poverty." Now, federal reticence is not even preventing state usurpations of authority, let alone "mobilizing."

Three steps seem imperative: (1) a comprehensive, independent study of Northwest fish conservation problems (even as I write, the Senate is considering a federal budget from which a recently approved five-year anadromous fish study has been eliminated); (2) a state court test case on the jurisdictional question which, if it suppresses Indian claims, can be taken to the U.S. Supreme Court; and (3) a Congressional bill reorganizing the Bureau of Indian Affairs to include Indian representation, and empowering the new BIA to supervise all Indian on- and off-reservation fishing. Indeed, some progress has already been made in this area: the new head of the BIA—just appointed—is an Indian.

In the late President Kennedy's words: "Indians have heard fine words and promises long enough. They are right in asking for deeds."

THE NEW YORK CAR

DESIGN FOR SURVIVAL

W. DAVID GARDNER

Mr. Gardner is a free-lance journalist who principally covers events in Albany, N. Y.

A group of New York State legislators visited Detroit in 1961, determined to convince automotive industry officials of the value of installing seat-belt anchorages in their cars. The industry, however, was just as determined to prove to the legislators that it would be senseless to supply the anchorages.

The group from Albany was taken to the General Motors proving grounds where cars carrying dummies protected by seat belts were being crash-tested against a tree. The dummies' heads were smashed on the windshields and this was meant to show that seat belts raised too many problems to be of much value.

The industry argument didn't hold up, and today the safety value of seat belts is well established, even in Detroit. Indeed, now that seat belts are standard equipment in many cars, the dummies with the smashed heads are returning to haunt the automobile industry: strong pressure is being exerted on it to redesign windshields so that heads won't be smashed on them.

In the history of the American automobile industry, 1966 will probably be recorded as the year when safety engi-

neering finally became a public issue. Legislators and government agencies have become actively concerned, the manufacturers have offered to set up a self-administered safety code to forestall federal regulation, and the American buyer realizes that his life and limb have been gambled against the sales blandishments of annual styling and high performance.

Industry leaders are frank to say that this safety commotion will hurt sales, but their alarm is questioned by those who remember that sales of seat belts boomed after the anchorages were finally offered to the public, and that Ford enjoyed an excellent buyer response when—in a brief moment of rationality in 1956—it publicized the safety features provided in its cars. Tires for safer winter driving—snow tires and the new stud tires—sell well. Side-view mirrors, an extra on most cars, are widely used.

A number of safety measures—telescoping steering columns, recessed and padded dashboards, four-way flashers, etc.—are now in the air and will probably be offered on future models. But this piecemeal approach to the problem does not produce a car in which safety is engineered into the basic concept of the machine, and it does not provide a standard of maximum safety against which the innumerable makes and models of the industry can be measured. What is needed badly at this point is a prototype safety car

that is built from scratch with that single goal dominant and that will be a model for all other cars.

Such a program is already under way in the New York State Safety Car Project, but it is still uncertain that the prototype will ever be built. Safety car projects have a tendency to end up in the junkyard.

When state Sen. Edward J. Speno first suggested the idea, Governor Nelson Rockefeller laughed, but the Governor has become one of the project's supporters since the release of a preliminary \$100,000 design study, which has been made for the state by Republic Aviation Division of Fairchild Hiller.

The report states that the safety car could cut occupant death and injury by more than one-half in accidents involving impact speeds of 50 miles per hour or less. That would save more than 400 lives a week in the United States. The model calls for 134 safety features not available on current Detroit cars, and Republic Aviation says that it could be mass-produced to compete in the present low-price range.

On first thought, the federal government would seem to be the logical sponsor of a safety car project, because it could enforce safety provisions on a national scale. But while some federal legislators have tried hard to obtain action, Congress has blocked all efforts to deal effectively with the automotive safety issue. Washington has always followed the lead of a few states in automotive legislation. New York State led the fight for seat belts and safer tires, and California is forcing the auto industry to install anti-air-pollution devices on its cars. U.S. Sen. Gaylord Nelson, a long-time automotive safety crusader, recently introduced a proposal that calls for a federal safety car project, but it has not created much Congressional interest. Besides, the New York State project is already a year along in its study.

Senator Speno, who fought for seat belts in Detroit and for safer tires in Akron, operates on the simple premise that all cars are unsafe, but that comprehensive planning will make them as safe as possible. The safety car project uses the "systems-analysis" approach, a design method borrowed from aircraft and weapons systems in which the functions to be performed are worked out before the final design. For instance, the front end of the car is first designed so that it will collapse in a way to absorb much of the impact of a collision, and when this problem is solved, the engineers worry about front-end styling.

Republic Aviation has given considerable attention to eliminating the disastrous effects of "the second collision"—the impact that follows the initial crash and slams the vehicle occupants around the interior like punching bags. In recent years, it has been discovered that the human body can take much more punishment than had been imagined. A man can decelerate without injury from 650 miles an hour to zero in less than 1.5 seconds, provided that he is adequately protected.

With that in mind, Senator Speno's project envisions a protective interior environment for the occupants of the safety car. In a front-end collision, for example, the rubber-coated "swinging-gate" bumper would deflect the car and offset a portion of the initial impact. The front end would

collapse in sections, absorbing more of the impact, and the engine would be deflected down into the ground and not into the lap of the driver. Meanwhile, the driver would be firmly anchored in his bucket seat by lap and shoulder harness. Roll bars overhead and a heavily cushioned door to the side would offer extra protection, should the car flip over. The steering wheel would telescope and its padded upper face would absorb more of the impact. It would not be easy to damage the driver.

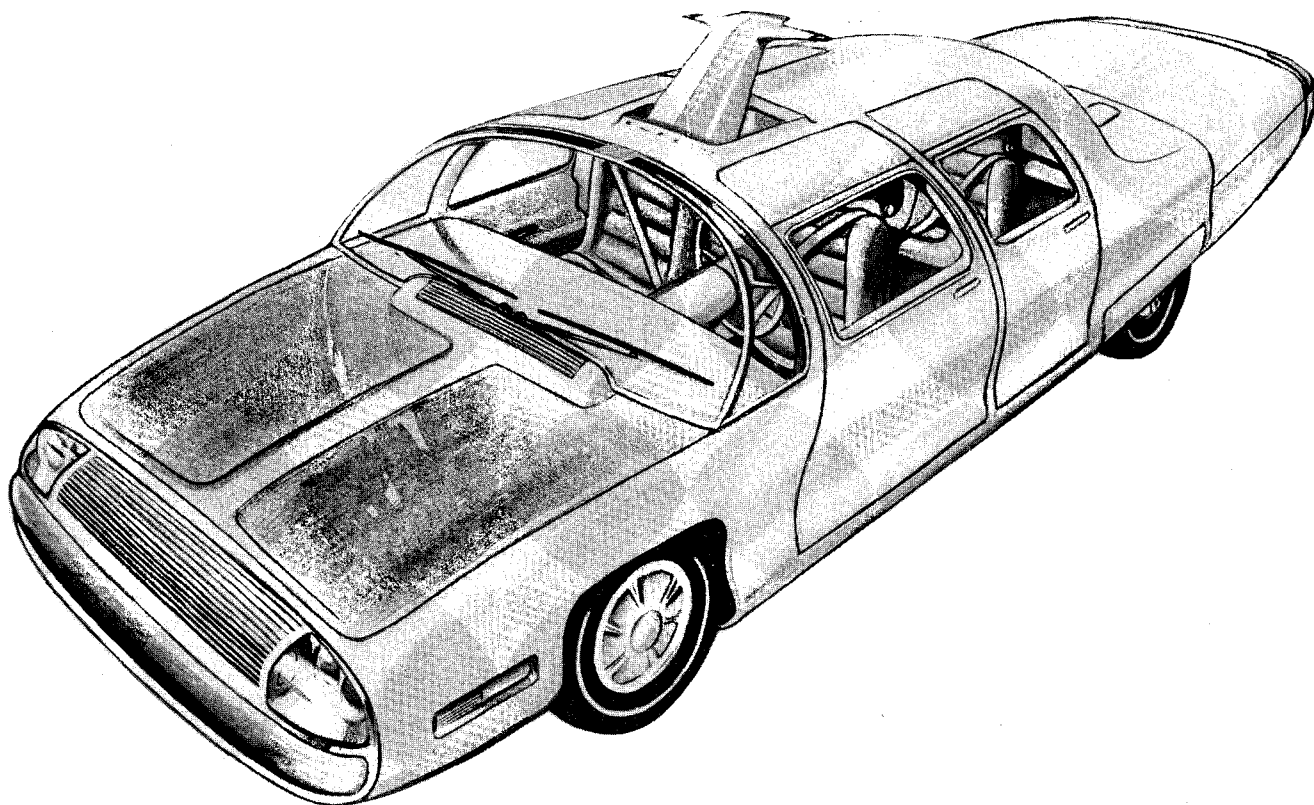
The design leaves little to chance. The safety car has such accident-prevention features as flat windshield glass that reduces distortion, and a periscope that provides panoramic rear vision. Motorists can avoid standing in the street while opening a car trunk that has doors at each side. A cushioned bassinet with a covering net protects babies; children have special harnesses. There is even a device on the doors to prevent pinched fingers.

The concept of safety cars is not entirely new. Stock-car racing drivers must rip apart the new cars they buy and install many safety features before they take their vehicles onto the track. In the past, physicians, dentists, clergymen and inventors have experimented with safety cars; the Italians have produced two prototype safety cars that are remarkably stylish. What is new is the widespread serious thought being given to the subject. "People are beginning to realize that they don't have to be killed in auto accidents," says Senator Speno. "And they know they could have a better chance in a safer car."

The Model T of safety cars, the prototype developed by Cornell University's Automotive Crash Injury Research Project and then extended by the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., is still considered by some automotive safety experts to be the best ever built. But enthusiastic scientists and engineers who had developed the project could not get any financial support to continue their work, and it ended up in a museum—to the great relief of Detroit. The best features of the Cornell-Liberty Mutual car are included in the New York State safety car [see "Detroit Makes Your Choice: Fashion or Safety" by Ralph Nader, *The Nation*, October 12, 1963].

Why doesn't the industry build its own safety cars? Part of the answer can be traced back to the "style sells cars and safety hurts sales" state of mind. Beyond that, Detroit fears that industry-built safety cars might lead to negligence suits from those who would complain that the industry had neglected its responsibility in the past by not building safety cars. Someone else may have to build the prototype safety cars to get the industry off the legal hook.

Another problem is presented by the secrecy and intrigue that surrounds industry automotive safety work. It rivals the security precautions of the Central Intelligence Agency. Ford's work with safety cars has been as carefully guarded as the most sensitive military secrets. University and traffic safety scientists have also been close-mouthed. Investigators of traffic safety at several campuses across the country are receiving generous industry handouts to finance their work. It is not unusual for a university to spend thousands of dollars investigating, say, highway-accident injuries and then to suppress findings of the study. Now and then an angry report is issued, but the names of



the guilty cars are seldom disclosed. The situation with governmental studies on traffic safety is not much better. Many studies made by the government are never released to the public.

The so-called traffic safety establishment—the various agencies and institutions involved in traffic safety—have sent up a gigantic smoke screen by focusing attention on the faults of the drivers. Practically all of these agencies, from the National Safety Council and the President's Committee for Traffic Safety on down through the ranks, draw at least part of their budgets from industry sources, and have been exposed as the nervous handmaidens of the industry. [See "Detroit's Mickey Mouse: The Driver Education Myth" by Edward A. Tenney, *The Nation*, April 20, 1964.]

There would be no secrecy in the New York State Safety Car Project. To begin with, the design of the safety car would be published and made available to everyone. To establish a scientific control, five to fifteen prototypes would be tested in such key categories as braking ability, visibility and overturn stability. Then they would be crash-tested. Detroit cars and foreign makes sold in the U.S. could be subjected to the same tests and the comparative results published in language so simple that the customer could draw his own conclusions. At present, a buyer who wants to check the safety performance of a car can find little information more reliable than the pitch of the salesman who quotes some specification gobbledygook declaring that the car meets General Services Administration standards.

GSA standards? In the past these have been hardly more than federal approval of the features Detroit is ready to install. Just last month, Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor complained that he could not obtain adequate research information on car safety improvements. "The GSA

standards were drawn with little experimental back-up and verification on the part of the government," he said. "They have not yet been thoroughly evaluated to their effectiveness as standards." The New York State Safety Car Project could provide this research data; but Mr. Connor, a former director of General Motors, favors the traffic safety plan proposed by President Johnson and calling for the voluntary institution of safety features by the industry in cooperation with the Commerce Department. The research that Mr. Connor says is so badly needed would come from industry sources and from the traffic safety establishment, which presumably would continue to draw financial support from the industry. In effect, the industry would be suggesting the ways in which it should be regulated, and no one expects the industry to be very tough with itself.

The voices shouting for more effective federal automotive safety legislation have not been muffled by the proposed legislation. If anything, they are getting louder. And General Motors has played into the hands of Detroit's critics by ordering a detective agency investigation of its severest critic, Ralph Nader, the lawyer and author who has focused so much attention on unsafe cars [see "Profits vs. Engineering: The Corvair Story," *The Nation*, November 1, 1965]. In what has been a nightmare for GM public relations men, the bumbling antics of the detectives they hired read like a screenplay for a Bowery Boys' movie. Before the investigation of Nader, the industry had hoped that its recent voluntary safety measures would head off anything more than token government participation in the area, but the case is being used in an attempt to get tougher legislation through Congress.

All this helps the New York State safety car. Senator Speno feels that the more attention is centered on the auto-safety issue, the better chances are for attracting support

to the project. The idea has bipartisan support among New York State legislators and Senators Abraham A. Ribicoff, Robert F. Kennedy and Jacob K. Javits have all endorsed it. Legislation has been submitted to authorize federal aid for the project. Several political leaders in other states—notably Iowa, Michigan and Illinois—have pledged to seek moral and financial support in their legislatures for the program. Many Canadian lawmakers are drumming up sup-

port, and the safety car has caused as much commotion in Ottawa as it has in Albany.

Whether the prototype safety car will end up as a state or federal program—or as a combination of the two—is anyone's guess. But without the project, or without a plan embodying its ideas, cars in ten years will probably not be much safer than they are now, just as today's cars are not much safer than were cars turned out ten years ago.

LETTERS (continued from page 474)

sistently damning bad shows; (2) distinguishing the script from the performance in almost every case—a separation that almost never occurs to his colleagues; (3) discussing the staging process and the acting with authority, knowledge and intelligibility; (4) giving off-Broadway more than a fair shake; (5) writing well, without letting the meaningless adjectives and quotable cutenesses pour out; and (6) not bothering to throw a fit when he doesn't like something—*pace* Mr. Junker's notion that "the basic virtue of a daily critic has always been the wit to savage dull plays," the basic virtue of a critic is the ability to write an interesting column. It doesn't really take wit to savage a dull play; most of the daily reviewers prove this every week. And if Mr. Junker were regularly exposed to some of the sour crows called critics in London, he'd realize how quickly stupid insults (or even smart insults) can grow tedious.

Albert Bermel

the Buddhist conscience

Yokohama, Japan

DEAR SIR: The Pacific edition of *Stars and Stripes* for Dec. 13 reports that an American Marine entered the Hoa Long Pagoda near Danang, South Vietnam, cut off the head of a statue of the Buddha and fled with it. As a Japanese Buddhist, I was naturally disturbed by this desecrating incident. . . . However, what I really am afraid of is that this kind of act might reflect irritation on the part of American soldiers who totally misunderstood the seeming noncooperation of Vietnamese Buddhists with the U. S. war effort.

Buddhism, in contradistinction to the monotheistic forms of religion in the West, places great emphasis on the individual's freedom of choice, and thus it teaches that in whatever environment and in the midst of whatever ideological struggle, one's actions must be posited on the individual's freedom of judgment and choice.

Nevertheless, the Americans feel, it seems to us, that if one is not pro-American, one must then surely be a Communist, and for this reason the Americans are often rather quick in attaching labels to people as a whole, to their institutions and even to their faith. The defects of this type of thinking are, in my opinion, clear to everyone. . . .

Shinko Sayeki

Algerian prisoners

Paris, France

DEAR SIR: News has just been received in Paris that the political prisoners held in the jail of Lambèze, Algeria—Hocine Zahouane, Bachir Hadj Ali, Mohamed Harbi and their fellow prisoners—have begun a hunger strike of unlimited duration. As a result of tortures inflicted on these prisoners—who have never been legally indicted or tried—are all in urgent need of medical treatment, which has thus far been denied them.

The purpose of the hunger strike is to attract the attention of the world to the plight of the prisoners, whose repeated complaints to the Algerian authorities have so far met with no response.

According to unconfirmed rumors, President Ahmed Ben Bella has also begun a hunger strike in support of his fellow patriots and former associates. The prisoners—whose only "crime" is that they are consistent partisans of socialism in Algeria—demand their freedom.

Schofield Coryell

the self-infatuated

Stockbridge, Mass.

DEAR SIR: The Democratic Party has just lost one lifetime supporter. . . . I have done more than vote for Democrats. I have worked in their campaigns, have written and paid for newspaper ads and have contributed to their funds in half a dozen states. . . .

I think our Vietnamese policy has been a blundering disaster for a dozen years. A decade of national leadership which saddles us now with the two impossible alternatives outlined by the Mansfield report—a withdrawal without salvage, or an Asian land war without end—can only be estimated as a complete and utter failure. . . .

The resumption of bombing underscores the fact that the President and his party continue to follow the counsel of advisers who year after year have been methodically and totally wrong. . . .

I cannot vote again for candidates unable to divest themselves of such wrongheaded and self-infatuated experts. Henceforth, until the Vietnamese war ends, I shall vote for any Republican—always excepting Richard Nixon—who aspires to oust a Democratic incumbent.

I have no illusion that Republicans are less murderous in office; I wish only to register a protest which otherwise is inarticulate, and I think a stupid protest is preferable to none.

William Gibson

Michael Gold reread

New York City

DEAR SIR: *The Nation* is to be congratulated for devoting 3 pages to a review of the new edition of Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money*, and on finding so gifted a young writer as Mr. Michael Folsom to do the reviewing [Feb. 28].

I read *Jews Without Money* in the middle thirties in its seventeenth hard-cover printing and found it, in Mr. Folsom's words: "a simple book, rich in clarity, force, truth and art." Some years later, I persuaded a couple of young people of about Mr. Folsom's years to read it and they found it overpowering. More recently, I gave the Avon edition to a couple of other young people, warning them not to read Mr. Harrington's afterword before reading the book, and their response was equally enthusiastic.

These responses and Mr. Folsom's superb review are one more demonstration that the intelligent young are getting wise to the prepossessions of their elders, and that a true work of art (as any truth) will in the end be judged on its qualities and not by its creator's politics, religion or the women he keeps.

David L. Weissman

BOOKS & THE ARTS

In Search of the White Man's Guidance

THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS AND THE OPENING OF THE NORTHWEST. By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. Yale University Press. 705 pp. 16 plates. \$12.50.

D'ARCY McNICKLE

Mr. McNickle is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana, and director of American Indian Development. He is the author of *The Indian Tribes of the United States: Ethnic and Cultural Survival* (Oxford University Press).

The historian for a preliterate people assumes a special burden—objectivity being the expected burden. His source material is drawn from the writings of intruders, some innocent and benign, others aggressively evil, who rarely understand the people they encounter and write about. He must dig beneath layers of misinformation, prejudice and self-interest to find the semblance of reality.

Alvin Josephy has brought extraordinary skill and patience to the task of discovering the realities of the Nez Perce world from the time the Lewis and Clark party, "weary, bedraggled, and starving," staggered into a Nez Perce camp on September 20, 1805, until it dissolved in gunfire and driving snow in Montana's lonely Bear Paw mountains, October 5, 1877. In less than seventy-five years the people who saved the first explorers from certain disaster were deprived of the power ever again to save a white man, or themselves.

In working his way through the documents, contemporary or retrospective, Josephy is judiciously selective. He compares variant accounts of a cited incident, and when a preference must be stated he gives the relevant reasons. When documentation is inconclusive or hopelessly in dispute, he turns to the observed behavior of the people for clues to understanding. As he remarks in a footnote: "Almost everything written on this tribe [the Yakima Indians of Washington state] in the past has been based, too largely, on writings of early settlers, missionaries, and military men. . . . The historian of Indian-white relationships must also know something about the Indians and their culture."

This is a point of view which historians, in their preoccupation with the bold movements of white men across the continent, have rarely adopted as part of a working premise. It involves more than conscience—it actually requires additional work.

What some historians might regard as an even harsher requirement, it involves digging in another man's vineyard, for it usually happens that only the ethnographer has gone to the Indians to record custom and tradition. The ethnographer goes to published history as well, but the historian is likely to be a purist.

While Josephy is aware of the problem and the special difficulty it entails, he does not always make full use of materials describing the Indian experience and putting Indian history in perspective. The point will be discussed below.

This is a story of great tragedy, as some readers will already be aware, for Joseph of the Nez Perce has been one of the better publicized Indian leaders. But the tragic theme is not limited to those incidents usually associated with Joseph and his people: the plundering of their lands; the repeated failure of the government to live up to its solemn treaty promises; the divisive tactics of competing religious groups which destroyed the ability of the people to act in concert against common danger, and the final despairing effort of Joseph and other tribal leaders to escape into Canada, the grandmother country. The ultimate tragedy was the debasement of the human spirit which made these events possible. It drove an innately peaceful people into uncommon acts of violence. It turned God-serving men, including a Bible-reading army general, into ruffians devoid of honor or mercy.

Moreover, it was unnecessary. The Nez Perce Indians, with their Flathead allies, went themselves in search of the white man's spiritual guidance. Repeatedly in the 1830s these tribes sent delegations to St. Louis to ask for religious teachers. When the teachers came, the Indians gave their labor to build churches, schools, grist mills and dwellings. Adults and children alike attended the schools and learned to practice the white man's religion. They broke the sod, against their own deep-seated feeling that they were desecrating the earth, and planted crops. They built up cattle and horse herds that land-hungry whites soon coveted—the sturdy, native-bred appaloosa horse was quickly prized.

Their rapid progress in adopting the white man's arts was dramatically demonstrated at the council called by Governor I. I. Stevens to negotiate with the Nez Perce and neighboring related tribes for the cession of 60,000 square miles of ter-

ritory. The proceedings of this council, at Walla Walla, were recorded in the Nez Perce language by a group of young men who had been taught a written form of their language by missionaries. A pencil sketch of these Nez Perce scribes was executed by the artist-interpreter, Gustavus Sohon, attached to the Stevens treaty party. Many of Sohon's pencil portraits of Nez Perce leaders are included in Josephy's book, but not this particular sketch.

That these Northwestern Indians should have taken the initiative in seeking the white man's religion is an extraordinary chapter in Indian-white relations. The stir it created in religious circles at the time hastened young people into the mission field. Many different accounts have been written explaining the episode, and rival missionary groups quarreled among themselves as to which denomination the Indians had intended to reach when they sent messengers to the East.

Josephy examines the conflicting claims and arrives at conclusions which more nearly describe what the Indians probably were seeking than church workers of the time could have admitted to themselves, even if they had known the Indians. They sought Christianity, not out of some mystical intimation that the white man possessed a greater truth, and even less were they concerned with denominational truth; but rumors carried over the trade trails by other Indians persuaded them that the white man's material wealth and superior weapons resulted from the possession of magic powers which differed from and were more powerful than those possessed by their own medicine men.

Such an interpretation is clearly supported by the events that preceded and followed the coming of the missionaries. But there seems to be an older tradition that might better account for the Indian quest, to which only passing reference is made in the Josephy text.

This returns us to the problem stated at the outset, of going beyond the contemporary documents with their subjective biases to find the realities with which the Indians lived—including their own biases. As was indicated, it is the ethnographer, not the classical historian, who has gone into the field to sit at the feet of rheumy-eyed informants to record oral tradition.

Some years ago Prof. Leslie Spier observed: "It can be shown that among [the Indians of the Plateau area] there was an old belief in the impending destruction and

renewal of the world, when the dead would return." Other ethnographers, before and since, have explored this theme, among them Marius Barbeau, who recorded narratives among the tribes in the interior of British Columbia. One of the narratives deals with a prophet named Beeny, who "died," and upon being restored to life told of visiting the sky, where he met the two head chiefs, the Father and the Son, who taught him to make the sign of the cross and to baptize with water. He was told: "I am strong. I am everlasting. I can give life again. Those who sing my song shall stand up from among the dead."

Beeny's message was carried beyond his own country by his own disciples and by medicine men from other tribes who came filled with wonder. Barbeau describes this process of diffusion.

The Flathead Indians, who camped and hunted and intermarried with the Nez Perce Indians, had their own prophet, in Shining Shirt. As told to Harry Holbert Turney-High, this seer lived before the Flatheads obtained their first horses at the beginning of the 18th century. Shining Shirt experienced a vision in which he was told that in time to come his people would be visited by men with fair skins, dressed in long black shirts, who would change their lives and give them new names.

Such legendary material, if it be nothing more than that, suggests what must have been familiar behavior: men searching for answers to the problems of living;

leaders seeking prestige and wider influence. Beeny and Shining Shirt may well have encountered parties of white traders, or even distant Indians already in contact with the white stranger, and learned about the mysteries of another world. They knew exactly what to do with such esoteric information which in their roles they were expected to acquire—they persuaded their followers that in future they were to be listened to with greater respect. Which is one of the uses of power.

It is not the purpose here to minimize Josephy's performance for not accomplishing something he did not intend as an objective. He states at the outset that he does not propose to write an anthropological study. Since, however, he is writing about a preliterate people and must rely on documentation produced by contemporaries who saw Indian society as outsiders and reacted to it in terms ranging from naive ethnocentricity to open hostility, he can strike a balance only by interposing his own judgment. It is precisely at this point that the anthropologist can make a contribution, by providing interpretative insight based on disciplined observation. Let this then be a plea for collaboration, or at least for increased professional interaction.

What must be said finally is that Alvin Josephy has written about the Nez Perce Indians with honesty, great depth of feeling, and prodigious scholarship. The true scope of American history must gain in stature as Indian history is written at this level of excellence.

United States. They were sent back to Europe. The fact is that the Germans decided to implement their final solution of the "Jewish problem" only when they realized that no one else was interested in it.

Great Britain, rare among nations, displayed a more humane attitude. Several thousands of children were brought to London, in the late thirties, from Vienna and Berlin, "for educational purposes." Lore Grossmann, age 10, was among them. Her experiences in wandering from one country to another, from one exile to another, have been written with rare insight and sensitivity in *Other People's Houses*. This critically acclaimed narrative, published more than a year ago, seems now more topical than ever. During these days when the American people take pride in the welcoming policy of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations to tens of thousands of Cuban refugees, it is well to be reminded that there was a time when other victims of persecution were not quite welcome in the United States, the land of traditional hospitality.

Other People's Houses deserves praise for its genuine literary quality as well. Few personal documents dealing with that period move us to such depths. Perhaps it is because it describes not the holocaust—which defies description—but its lasting impact even on those few who, by sheer luck, lived it as a possibility rather than as a reality. Auschwitz is barely mentioned, but its terrifying meaning permeates the dreams and obsessions of its victims: each of the principal characters has left something behind—something unique, something essential, something irrecoverable.

Lore ceased to be a little girl the moment she was separated from her parents. She was reunited with them later, but they were not the same and neither was she. Her favorite uncle, Paul, who used to study medicine and write poetry gave up both; her grandparents, pathetic in their longing to retain the past, never succeeded in adapting to the new surroundings of their present. Even Lore, who found it easier to adjust to any milieu—she was an excellent student in London, a successful teacher in the Dominican Republic, and is presently a wife and mother of two children in New York—seems to be marked by events long past, and yet never forgotten. Her book ends as follows: "I keep looking around me. The war is still cold, and overseas; no one of my people, this moment, is ill; every day there are hours when I can write, and we have our friends. My husband is Jewish too, but he was born in America and accepts without alarm this normal season of our lives; but I, now that I have children and am about the age my mother was when Hitler

From Exile to Exile

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES. By Lore Segal. Harcourt, Brace & World. 312 pp. \$5.95.

ELIE WIESEL

Mr. Wiesel is the author, among other books, of *Night* and *Dawn* (Hill and Wang), *The Town Beyond the Wall* (Atheneum) and *The Gates of the Forest*, to be published soon by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. He is an Auschwitz survivor, now living in New York.

Why did the Jews of Eastern Europe allow themselves to be led to slaughter without resistance? To historians and psychiatrists, and to all students of human behavior, this constitutes one of the most disturbing enigmas arising from the Nazi era. The conduct of the assassin leaves us less perplexed than the reaction—or the lack of it—of his victims.

The debate is still very much alive, so much so that another aspect of the same problem has more often than not been

overlooked if not completely forgotten, namely: why didn't the Jews try to escape before it was too late? Why didn't they move to other places, to friendlier shores?

One understandably avoids asking this question for it allows for no intellectual alibis. Everything here is clear and painfully simple. They had tried and they had failed. As Adolf Eichmann was later to confide, with sarcastic frankness, in his tape-recorded memoirs: "Even if I had agreed to sell—in exchange of goods—one million Jews, and let them go—where on earth could they have gone?"

What he said sounds tragically true. Many families and communities could have been saved. Most were allowed to leave their homelands, especially before the hostilities began. But they had nowhere to go. Very few succeeded in obtaining entry visas to faraway lands. All doors suddenly closed. It should be remembered that when some refugees were not allowed to disembark at Havana, Franklin D. Roosevelt refused to admit them into the

came, walk gingerly and in astonishment upon this island of my comforts, knowing that it is surrounded on all sides by calamity."

No normal immigrant senses calamity around him, not even if he is a poet. Only survivors do.

Yet, the story is written without bitterness or hate or rancor, rather with gentle amusement and humor. Nostalgically, Lore Segal describes her life in different houses on two continents, while the world was in flames or in mourning; she tells of her adventures with exotic strangers and friends, of the admiration and/or annoyance she felt toward one or more members of her close family that wandered

farther and farther "leaving its dead behind." Each episode is a story in itself, told with simplicity and intelligence, to make it amusing or moving—or both. The death of her father, the experiences of Uncle Paul as a farmer, her mother's need for devotion—each chapter is rendered with the skill of a born storyteller.

But Lore Segal is more than that. Survivors are witnesses. As such, their experiences have the weight of testimony. One cannot read hers without thinking that a million children—like herself perhaps—were doomed to sacrifice and silence only because there was no one then to offer them a voice or a refuge—anywhere.

And this too is in her book.

Liberal Establishment Voice

THE VOICE OF LATIN AMERICA. By William Benton. Harper & Bros. \$1.60 paper.

JOHN GERASSI

Mr. Gerassi is the author of *The Great Fear in Latin America* (Collier).

Back in 1960, former Sen. William Benton decided that his Yale-wrought Minnesotan voice was loud enough to speak for the 200 million people of Latin America. Accompanying Adlai Stevenson, he had just made a whirlwind tour of the area (twelve out of the twenty countries' capitals, to be precise), and he was shocked "at the outworn illusions we tend to cherish about Latin America." So he dashed out the first edition of this book, hoping thereby to shatter those illusions.

That edition won a modest amount of attention from reviewers who were either as ignorant about Latin America as was Benton, or who shared his *new* illusions. His fans were mostly unsteady liberals who were impressed by three facts—and were fooled by one asset. The facts were that (1) Stevenson, who before his Bay of Pigs lie at the United Nations was greatly admired by Latin American intellectuals, had written the book's foreword; (2) the selected statistics which Benton presented in his book had been furnished to him by Prof. Kalman Silvert, one of the few American political scientists with solid knowledge of the area; and (3) Benton was considered (and considered himself) a staunch liberal, opposed to President Eisenhower's practice of giving medals to Latin American dictators. The asset was that, as a long-time advertising magnate (Benton & Bowles), Benton possessed Madison Avenue's special knack for gilding platitudes.

The platitudes in that first edition of *The*

Voice of Latin America were ultimately meant to defend U.S. economic interests in Latin America—indeed, U.S. hegemony pure and simple. But since that had been our policy since the Monroe Doctrine, it was nothing new. Besides, Benton's defense was couched in all sorts of liberal-sounding clichés, ranging from an admirable demand for a better deal for Latin Americans (more schools, more jobs, more taxes on the Latin American rich) to a rather crude request for more U.S. investments in the area (accompanied, naturally, by tax rebates for the parent companies at home). It's true that Benton defended U.S. hegemony in Latin America on patriotic—and moral—grounds, the connection between the former and the latter being deftly accomplished in one crucial passage by a single word—"thus":

Even in the narrow military sense, the oil and bauxite and copper of Latin America are indispensable to the defense of the hemisphere and thus of the free world.

Still, that first edition was relatively harmless. For one thing, numerous other books on Latin America had already heralded U.S. hegemony, in a brazen *Realpolitik* manner that was bound to be more convincing. And for another, Benton's book went on sale after President Kennedy's inauguration—in fact, after Richard Goodwin's more sophisticated Madison Avenue terminology had been incorporated into the well-advertised Alliance for Progress. Against such competition, Benton's championing of U.S. business practices on the one hand, and his liberal bromides on the other, appeared incredibly jejune and simplistic.

But now, as this updated and revised edition is published, conditions have so changed that Benton's views take on a new dimension. This is not because



Benton has finally learned something important about Latin America but because America's policies in Latin America have destroyed whatever small progress had been achieved under Kennedy. Not that Kennedy is respected for his deeds; the Bay of Pigs invasion will long remain in Latin American memories as a stupid and inexcusable attempt to intervene in the domestic affairs of a Latin American country.

Nor do very many *Latinos* recall the Alliance itself (which President Johnson and his main adviser on Latin America, Thomas Mann, have killed) with too much fondness; they know very well that 86 per cent of all Alliance loans were actually credits for U.S.-manufactured goods, payable in dollars, and that the Social Progress Trust Fund (on which the Alliance is based) excluded the most important reform needed in Latin America—the agrarian reform—by specifying (Section 1.04a) that the "resources of the Fund shall not be used for the purchase of agricultural land." (The only other way a Latin American government, short of funds, could undertake land reform would have been by expropriation, which the U.S. would have then denounced as Castro communism.)

Nevertheless, Kennedy did talk of social reforms, and when he felt compelled to intervene in Cuba, he did not send in

U.S. soldiers who might then have shot at anyone who didn't feel like picking up garbage in the street when told to do so (as was reported to have happened in the Dominican Republic). What's more, there are some indications (as in the Kennedy-Jean Daniel-Castro conversations) that by the end of his life he had finally realized to what extent the Pentagon-CIA-U.S.-business policies in Latin America are dedicated to the *status quo* ("stability," in today's jargon) and opposed to self-termination.

The Johnson Administration has crushed every last vestige of reform-mindedness in respect to Latin America. Thomas Mann has even publicly scoffed at the concept of social reform, insisting that progress will come about through more capital (i.e., more U.S. investments), not reforms. (This ignores not only the historical fact that U.S. investments in Latin America have traditionally worked against the people but also the statistics of the UN and our own Department of Commerce which show that for every dollar American companies have put into the area they have taken out approximately \$1.50.) Mann's distrust of nationalists and Latin American patriots has also led him to dub former Dominican Republic President Juan Bosch an incompetent "poet-professor type" and "dogooder" who in common "with many Latin American politicians, would make an alliance with the devil if he thought it would get him into office"—by which Mann really meant—if he thought it would help the Dominican Republic.

Jack Hood Vaughn, the ex-boxer who followed Mann into the official top Latin American slot in the State Department, was not better than Mann, just quieter. But he lasted only ten months. Now, with the appointment of Lincoln Gordon as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, U.S. policies can only

further harden—if that's possible. For Gordon, a zealous advocate of the "Mann Doctrine," so strongly believes in "stability" that he seems perfectly willing to sacrifice democracy for it. As Ambassador to Brazil, he helped bring about the downfall of the elected government of Joao Goulart and urged President Johnson to voice his strong support for the military usurpers even before Goulart was out of Brazil. After that, Gordon wholeheartedly supported the military dictatorship of Castelo Branco, despite (or because of?) its repressive measures directed not at the Communists but at the liberals and nationalists.

Under such conditions, the voice of William Benton suddenly becomes important, since after all Benton speaks for the liberal establishment. And he knows it: the covers of his book are heavy with the praises of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Sen. Mike Mansfield and Prof. Frank Tannenbaum—all of whom, not so long ago, agreed with Benton in condemning America's "let's be friends with dictators who claim they are anti-Communists" policy and heralded Kennedy's contrary approach. If Benton—and the liberal establishment—now decide to offer apologies for the Brazilian military coup, then they deny liberalism. The case of Brazil is therefore crucial, because it will show, once and for all, that the establishment, whatever its pretended ideology, has no principles, and hence that it can offer America and the world no hope for a just and peaceful future. What then does Benton say about Brazil in the new edition?

Brazil has now returned to the comity of hemisphere nations. . . .

Confidence in the future has been restored to leading Brazilian sectors. . . .

The U.S. and international agencies are extending credit to help toward the goal of stability. . . .

(From the U.S. alone, that credit consisted of more than \$1 billion in less than two years.)

During the administration of Presidents Kubitschek, Quadros and Goulart, there was a growing tension between our countries on political as well as economic issues. The present Brazilian administration has made earnest efforts to erase the causes for mutual suspicion. Brazil has broken diplomatic relations with Cuba. . . .

Kubitschek was a sort of Social Democrat, Quadros was a conservative, and Goulart was an opportunist identified with the nationalist Left. All three were sensitive enough to the hopes and aspirations of the Brazilian people to know that they had to build a strong, free, independent economy. These Presidents did not want Brazil to leave the "free world." What they sought, each in his fashion, was that Brazil belong to the free world as a free nation. Benton—and the liberal establishment—find that unacceptable. They prefer a dictatorship that has jailed thousands, deprived thousands more of their civil and political rights, banned strikes, banished dissent, opened the doors of Brazil to more American companies—and rules by the gun.

Sons & Mothers: The Harlem Six

THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS. By Truman Nelson. The Garrison Press, 121 pp. \$1.

JUNE MEYER

Miss Meyer is a poet and writer who has been published in *Esquire*, *Mademoiselle*, *American Dialog* and other magazines.

Truman Nelson's book illuminates a controversial question: Does the constitutional right to counsel imply the right to counsel of one's choice? Can citizens claim the right to counsel—or other forms of protection—inside the police station? Constitutional or no, these privileges of defense commonly serve the knowing and affluent American. What are the rights of the poor then; and what does this situation reveal about the relationship of poverty to the due processes of law? Six poor Harlem Negro youths depend on the resolution of this debate for the suc-

cess of their appeal from a first-degree murder conviction. *The Torture of Mothers* is Truman Nelson's view of what he believes to be these boys' violated rights.

If the popular press in April, 1964, was to be believed, New Yorkers lived in a season of peculiar anticipation. Would there be a long hot summer or not? "If spring was here, could rioting Negroes be far behind?"

All the downtown slicks and papers sent emissaries to the Northern turf; I was recruited by the magazine section of the *Herald Tribune* to go Up and fathom the community's mood—judge whether there was more anger or less than usual. There was nothing sensational to report. I walked into chronic Harlem; a ceaseless decay of the spirit and its dwelling place. Nothing was new for the man uptown. It was not even a grim surprise to see a newsstand-advertising headline of *The*

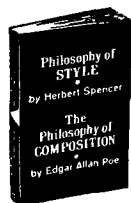
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Saturday Evening Post of June, 1964: "Harlem: The Black Jungle." (Buy a copy and read all about them!)

In the same genre, a front-page story by Junius Griffin of *The New York Times* terrified New Yorkers with a story of "blood brothers" of Harlem, a group of boys allegedly banded together in the cause of murdering whites. Though the existence of the "brothers" was never reliably verified, and Commissioner of Police Michael J. Murphy later denied the "fact" of such an organization, the impression of murderous gangs had been almost ineradicably created.

In this tense atmosphere, a white woman was killed in Harlem. Within ten days, six young boys were indicted and subsequently convicted and sentenced for first-degree murder. It is unfortunate that Nelson's account of how the police handled the crime and the alleged criminals is anything but clear. His book fluctuates between eloquence and bombast. The bombast is often hard to take: ("every black man worth his salt feels his muscles flexing with anger as he looks about him at the unending denials and insults"). Sometimes hysteria smothers the cogency of his statement. Yet *The Torture of Mothers* deserves reading if only as a background brief for the appeal of the six defendants.

These are the facts in Nelson's confusing account. On April 17, 1964, some children overturned a fruit stand and scattered with the pickings. Police pursuit was impeded by teen-agers and adult passers-by. The annoyance of the patrolmen took different forms: verbal rebukes, beatings and arrests. One passer-by, a 31-year-old salesman named Frank Stafford, lost an eye during the pandemonium. Nelson quotes Stafford:

They had this kid in between the cops. So I spoke up and asked them, why are you beating him like that? . . . He put the gun on me and said get over there. I said what for? . . . I tried to protect myself. . . . Then one hit me on my right shoulder, and when I turned to my left there was a cross blow. You know, a swing crossways. He hit me up side of my eye. Then all the pain like a crack ran through my whole head. . . .

Stafford tells of his removal from the street to the station house where he was beaten. . . . "I was telling them they might as well kill me" . . . and of his delivery "three or four hours" later to Harlem Hospital.

Among the teen-agers who tangled with the police at the fruit stand were Daniel Hamm, Wallace Baker and Robert Rice. These three alleged "blood brothers" were apprehended at the scene; two were charged with felonious assault, but were

shortly released. Twelve days later, Mrs. Magit Sugar was stabbed to death, and her husband critically wounded. On May 1, 1964, Daniel Hamm, Wallace Baker, Robert Rice, Ronald Felder, William Craig and Walter Thomas were indicted for attempted robbery and attempted murder. One year later, the six boys received a verdict of guilty. And on September 8, 1965, they were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Nelson got the mothers of "The Harlem Six" to report the experiences of that spring on tape. It is these which comprise the valuable, disturbing and forceful portions of the book. Each testimony becomes a voice for the reader; a voice quiet with outrage and bewilderment. Entry by the police in their homes was a terrorizing and inexplicable episode. All of them sat through cruel lengths of silence, denied access to their children held at the station house. These tapes provide a powerful witness for the defense; a polyphony of pain heightened by memories of past humiliations.

Nelson's great contribution is in gathering and editing these tapes, while remaining faithful to each speaker's voice. These speeches move on the page like poetry, and capture the rhythm of every voice. For example, from the testimony of Mrs. Hamm:

*I didn't know anything about this.
They didn't call me.
. . . they didn't bother to call.*

*I had went to the precinct to see about him
and see about the other boy, Fred Frazier,
'Cause I knew his mother was working at the time.*

*When Danny got home he didn't cry.
He just try to pull up his pants to show me the blood clots.*

*But the pants wouldn't go up only this much over his legs
Because his legs were swollen so bad.*

You just have to fight back the best way you know.

'Cause when I saw this it was unbelievable.

I mean I just couldn't believe it.

I kept asking him are you sure, are you sure. . . .

Apart from the tapes, *The Torture of Mothers* argues two points: it pleads the impossibility of due process of law once the choice of counsel is refused the defendant; and it condemns *The New York Times* as a manipulator of public opinion, and thus of the jury's point of view in the spring of 1964.

There is legal precedent for arguing the right to counsel of one's choice: the famous 1930 Scottsboro case of *Powell v. Alabama* pivoted on this issue. New York attorney, Conrad Lynn, now one of four

lawyers arguing the appeal, is quoted by Nelson: "The right to counsel . . . is not the right to counsel that the court appoints, counsel that as far as the accused knows may be collaborating with the district attorney, counsel who is in the good graces of the prosecuting authorities and the court. . . ." Nelson tells us that one of the court-appointed lawyers, a chronic alcoholic, died during the trial.

In contrast to the persuasive burden of the legal questions, Nelson's accusations against *The New York Times* seem idiosyncratic. Presumably, he means to raise the issue of press responsibility, or courtroom partiality consequent to the climate of public opinion. However, it is as though only *The New York Times* went to press that spring. Even the *Herald Tribune* gets off without criticism, though Jimmy Breslin publicized the "hate gang," a phrase even more vivid than Junius Griffin's "blood brothers." It is as though Nelson had blocked out all the "stories of the week" on radio, and all the television interviews of "the man on the street" or "prominent spokesmen" which combined into a mass-media production of tragedy. At times, the impact of the trial itself dims before Nelson's single-minded obsession with the role of the *Times*.

The issue of press responsibility is surely relevant to the question of a fair trial for "The Harlem Six." But an inquiry commensurate with the implications of press irresponsibility should be

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characterized by thorough impartiality. Mr. Nelson's is not.

Yet despite the faults of hyperbole and irrelevant diatribe, *The Torture of Mothers* is an instructive documentary: seldom do we hear words of pain directly from the mouths of the poor. As ex-

pressed by these mothers and their sons, poverty—of place, of person and of purse—however unfamiliar, becomes believable. If we can acknowledge the unfamiliar as believable, we may begin to learn. Nelson's book gives us an opportunity to do so.

ART / Max Kozloff

Compared to that of Henri Matisse, all other 20th-century art appears relatively sullied by struggle and unrealized ambition, as if fallen from grace. Perhaps we had to have Matisse to hold before our pessimistic eyes a spectacle that transcends the alienation and conflict to which modernity has condemned us. Not that he is in the least un-modern. Even now, as he is being exhibited across the country (Los Angeles, Chicago and Boston), he still shocks as he soothes, and still, in some ways, looms ahead rather than recedes into the past. For there has been no artistic idea and certainly no pictorial ambition in this century that can escape being measured, directly or indirectly, by what he has done.

If one were recklessly to postulate the lesson and greatness of Matisse, they might be indicated by the one phrase—tensions synthesized.

Those words have a dialectical ring. And they certainly constitute a paradigm of artistic success. But Matisse is perhaps the foremost in our time to have isolated, or rather precipitated, their meaning in works that only superficially concern themselves with such particularities as bourgeois comfort and feminine sensuality. Even the French word *charme*, of which he is an outstanding exemplar, pales into insignificance before this life-giving tension. One recalls Motherwell saying that Picasso is the painter of love and death. If so, as Alfred Barr countered, Matisse is the exponent of love and life.

In his works, these complexes of sentiment and energy fuse under high pressure into the synonymous. If anything, they gain credence by being entirely set apart from the defensive strategy of irony that has branded our era. Miró, for instance, has to cover up his detachment from himself, his lack of wholeness, by a kind of beguiling irony. Yet, for Matisse, painting is no pretext for anything other than itself—despite the fact that Manet, to whom he is profoundly faithful, had earlier acknowledged art to be but a decorative, inconsequential, if gleaming, game. Matisse's seriousness is just as playful, but it never occurs to him, as it did to the Cubists, to make circumventions, or to

be self-demeaning. Life is embodied in the picture simply because his ego is creating that picture. That is why, although his work is permeated by landscapes and still lifes and interiors, and is perfectly figurative from an iconographical viewpoint, it is also one of the most abstract when seen conceptually. ("I am unable to distinguish between the feeling I have for life and my way of transposing it. A work must carry all its meaning within itself and impose it on the viewer before he identifies its subject matter.") This abstractness is what is so contemporary about Matisse; but it is the authenticity of his healing composure which makes him timeless.

As Titian was in his century, so Matisse, still without competitors, is the great colorist in ours. The exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute (organized by Frederick Wight, of UCLA), unfurls this colorism, in all its panoply, as well as any that I have seen. Perhaps Picasso best summed up Matisse's gift:

In Matisse's work, when you find three tones that are put on close to one another—let's say a green, a mauve, and a turquoise—their relationship evokes another color which one might call *the* color. . . . You've heard Matisse say, "You need to leave each color its zone of expansion. . . ." It's not necessary for a color to have a determined form. It's not even desirable. What *is* important is its power of expansion. When it reaches a point a little beyond itself, this force of expansion takes over and you get a kind of neutral zone to which the other color must come as it reaches the end of *its* course. At that moment you can say that color breathes. That's the way Matisse paints and that's why I said, "Matisse has such good lungs."

But this kind of inspired respiration does not come of itself. Matisse learned it in 1904, by the side of the Neo-Impressionists, Signac and the especially encouraging Cross.

These older men had outlined a method of separation of the various spectrum hues (as embodied in pigment) in order to increase luminosity, and to distinguish between such elements in the landscape

as local color, the color of light, their interactions, etc. Their divisionism was intended to distribute color vibrations homogeneously and consistently over the picture plane. The Neo-Impressionists were haunted by a dream of order obtained by predictable, if arbitrary, consonances. But Matisse, for his part, began to strive for an order comprehended through yoked dissonances. The analytic objectives of his teachers depended upon the maintenance of an intermediate, and certainly egalitarian, scale in all the color touches. For their bricklike tesserae to be disturbed—to diminish into the granular, or be enlarged into color patches—would wreck their aspiration of faithfulness to nature, on one hand, and color purity on the other. Even variations in the size of the touches would destroy a precarious equilibrium that balanced decorativeness against the illusionistic function of the color dabs. Matisse pushed their bold decorum pell-mell into its furthest implications, as he submitted the claims of natural light and space to the self-generating demands of picture construction.

Result? The "zones of expansion" that had been regulated quasi-naturalistically before, could be resiliently mobilized or reduced without producing those atmospheric glowings that once had locked in, or rather had to justify, compositional movement. Further, intense saturation no longer had to be compromised by a luminosity that was forced to shade toward white. Instead of constantly regulating the mechanics of color as increasingly artificial components of perceived tones, Matisse accepts artificiality as a newly self-contained reality of the creative act. He spices his own sensory experience by avidly internalizing all his expectations of induced colors. Psychologically, one might say that a far greater quotient of irrationality—of impulse and placement—was now encompassed by a larger, freer understanding of the logic of chromatic interplay.

Although Matisse was certainly quite capable (1906) of working over the surface exclusively, instead of hollowing out depth (e.g., "Reading"), he realized that all colors have spatial co-efficients, that they jump or recede by virtue of their warm-cool emissions of light energy. With the example of Cézanne before his eyes, this led him to a capriciously loose sprinkling of color dabs and blots which punctuated, even as they were shored up by, larger patches of intense colors: all, somehow, in various states of electrifying spatial opposition to one another. Sometimes the background hues would be acerbic primaries, which cooled and neutralized the only slightly less intense foreground colors. More often, and more complex, are situations when intuition

piquantly equivocated between these two extremes, aerated, in most cases, by the casualness of scattered strokes half forming into arabesques, as they, in turn, are relieved by sudden openings of bare canvas. Whereas the other Fauves, Vlaminck and Derain, related far more to van Gogh and his tumultuous paint roilings, Matisse infused into Neo-Impressionism a real animality. As a result, he still retained some of the detached spirit of Signac and Cross—and certainly their high tonality—even as he rioted with their vocabulary.

In subject matter, too, Matisse was in important accord with the Neo-Impressionists. After 1905, the theme of the pastoral and variations thereof played a role in the work of both Matisse and Cross. If it looked back to classical tradition, this motif of nudes disporting themselves in an open landscape also signaled the luxuriant and optimistic look to the future which an unprecedented radiance of color inevitably suggested. Gone are the hesitations of Matisse's earlier Neo-Impressionist phase (1899), in which he was aware that his dominant colors were eaten away by the proliferation of secondary accents. But now he was to leave behind him even the fully crystallized, individually accented color flecks of the first version of "Luxe, Calme, and Volupté."

It is as if, in the succeeding canvases, the previous knowledge had been schematized, as the palette, always restricted, reduced itself even further to just a few straight, sharp, cold colors, blocked out in flat fields, relieving pinkish foreground figures ("Dance," 1909). But this "reduction" was accompanied by a largeness of scale and a concerted bite of color that seemed to magnify the typical chromatic episode from a Neo-Impressionist canvas. Here, his primitive Venuses "cut the ice" of a blue, invoked for the sake above all of the sensation—not for what it can symbolize but for what it expresses as blue. In such contexts, an orange, a small spot of red, become phenomenally pungent. ("The Blue Window," 1911). The imagery gains potency almost in proportion to the fact that Matisse is not an expressionist, and that he can gratify himself only by hammering out an underlying notion of completeness in which the fewest elements work as many—and in which a seeming austerity masks a truculent liberation.

These, then, were the dynamics of an art that tentatively backed in and out of Cubism around 1914. By now, Matisse's canvases were great chromatic façades, whose areas were subtly differentiated in brushy pressure. In the "View of Notre Dame," 1914, he slices up this kind of surface by three long vertical and di-

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agonal willowy lines that are remarkably effective as depth positioners, but also have the tendency to lift and stagger, or at least make one conscious of, the various tones of blue as huge planes, if not facets. Here was a kind of "breathing" of form as well as color. Yet, to the extent his materials interpenetrated, it was by suggestion rather than by the externalizing graphic and tonal procedures employed by Cubism in mobilizing static forms. This, in turn, allowed Matisse to give discreet embroideries of linear arabesques, startling geometric signs and patterned synapses the fullest decorative play in an imaginary space.

Shot through this monumental charade of direct contrasts and simple declarations, were the psychological implications of figures and objects, isolated and suspended in raw color, awaiting, as it were, some pictorial clap to knock them out of their trance. After 1917, there were no radical breakthroughs comparable to those achieved in the twelve years before; rather, Matisse's career unfolds in a succession of masterpieces in which tension is transferred from the inventing of a language to the happiest articulations within it.

One final point should be made. As displayed in this retrospective, Matisse's production is a feline sequence of loosening and tightening, abandoned and restrictive

moves—sometimes even welded together as pendants of the same theme. For him, there can be no freedom without control, and no real integrity of thought without spontaneity. It is the classic French formula, into which life is breathed only by the earthy encounter of mind and sense grappling for some outer realization in

the inchoate, resistant materials of the artist. Matisse may perhaps be reproached for his somewhat limited interests. There is no theatricality in his work, no psychic stress or social comment, religion, enigma or anger, mysticism or perversity, or even terribly much humor. This is true. All one finds there is creation.

ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design. Born in Hungary, he was educated in Switzerland, Spain and the United States. As a member of the Harvard-MIT Joint Center of Urban Studies, Mr. Galantay participated in the design of the new industrial town of Ciudad Guyana in Venezuela.

The little band of devoted conservationists is still losing important battles, but lately it has also been winning some skirmishes. Those New Yorkers who have been grieving over the loss of Pennsylvania Station may now take solace in the continued existence of the old Astor Library, saved by the recent landmark preservation bill with the help of Mr. Joseph Papp who intends to use the building as the winter home of his Shakespeare Festival.

It is perhaps a sign of the renewed vigor of the conservationist movement that this auspicious event has reopened the passionate discussion on whether it is proper to adapt historic landmarks to new uses, and, if so, what methods and degrees of rebuilding can be condoned. The answers depend to some extent on what is understood by "landmark." For residents of an area a landmark is any point of reference and orientation, and to fulfill these functions it need not be very old or beautiful: it need not even be a building. However, an age-worn architectural landmark also serves as an anchor of sentiment, a symbol of continuity, around which civic consciousness can crystallize. It then supports the emotional stability and sanity of the residents and performs a social function infinitely more important than feeding the curiosity of the tourist or antiquarian. Neighborhoods without old buildings—without signs of something valuable that has come down from previous generations—breed alienation of the young from the old.

Yet this should not imply that one old building is as good a landmark as another. The destruction of first-rate monuments cannot be offset by the preservation of sundry inferior buildings. It is too often cynically assumed that if one landmark is

allowed to stand, a license is thus tacitly given for the destruction of others, and the lamentations of the conservationists should be reduced to polite grumbling.

On the other hand, James Marston Fitch, who installed the pioneering courses in preservation and restoration at Columbia University, points out that landmarks cannot be preserved just by fixing a nostalgic tablet to their façades. Conservation by regulatory devices is a failure if it is not supported by popular sentiment and if it does not reach the lives of the people. Since all landmarks cannot be turned into museums, they should house other congenial activities. Only this way can the landmarks fulfill their role as links to past generations.

The old Astor Library conversion lends itself admirably to testing the validity of that proposition. The building was erected in 1854 to house the reference library created by the bequest of John Jacob Astor. Later, the library was amalgamated with other collections to form the New York Public Library, and eventually the books were moved uptown. Ultimately the building served as the headquarters of HIAS, a welfare organization.

The façade of the building is not a great eye catcher; on my first visit to the area I hardly noticed it. It is calm and well mannered, a red brick surface with horizontal emphasis and some uncertainty in proportions and detail. This section of town is occupied by printing and warehousing establishments with considerable truck traffic, and the perspective is dominated by the sixty-story glass wall of the distant Chase Manhattan building.

Walking up Lafayette Street on a later visit, my attention was caught by No. 432, now called "Colonnade Row." A landmark tablet affixed to it identified the building as the "La Grange Terrace" built in 1831. It consisted originally of nine units, forming what was then an elegant stretch of private residences. Part of the fabric has since eroded away but four walk-ups remain, united by a splendid row of Corinthian columns. The building now serves as a rooming house; it also shelters an eat-



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ing place, and the Astor Place Playhouse.

Having admired Colonnade Row, I turned to the Astor Library, which stands opposite. There is a strong relation between the two buildings and it is surely not accidental, since John Jacob Astor lived in La Grange Terrace. The friendly dialogue between the two buildings superimposes a quiet dignity on the busy street.

The interior of the old library is shabby with years of welfare activity. Many adjustments and "improvements" have been made. The fine moldings are hardly visible above batteries of low-hanging neon tubes, their glare reflected on pink and welfare-green paint. The still handsome two-story space has slender columns supporting a domed skylight that is boarded up to prevent leakage. Obviously this interior can never meet the requirements of the City Building Code, which is particularly strict with respect to theatre occupancy. Fire-proofing in this case might call for the removal of the entire interior. At this point I began to wonder what prompted Mr. Papp to acquire this structure for theatre use, and moved uptown to ask him.

Mr. Papp told me that he has long been looking for suitable winter quarters for the Shakespeare Festival. He has investigated several church buildings that were offered for sale, but they all turned out to be too small. His space requirements call for a small house of 299 seats and a larger one of 800—the size Mr. Papp considers best for actor-audience relationship. He acquired the Astor building for a respectable \$575,000, and to fit the shell to his objectives must raise a further \$2 million. This works out to some \$2,340 per seat, which is not cheap since it does not include any fancy stage machinery.

Apart from its suitable size, the building appealed to Papp because of its location. The area has a precedent of theatre activity: the Astor Place Playhouse is thriving in the basement of Colonnade Row, and St. Marks Place, just to the east, is a busy theatre street. Also there was the need for urgency: Papp intends to open the little house in October, and the Astor building lends itself to reconstruction in stages.

Finally, but perhaps most significantly, Papp likes the old façade and feels there are symbolic benefits to associating his enterprise with a building of established tradition. If he also hoped that conservationists would express their gratitude by helping to finance his cause, that hope has not yet been fulfilled.

The seating arrangements for the Shakespeare Festival house are being worked out by stage designer Ming Cho Lee. He considered retaining the two-story hall for an auditorium since it seemed a fine space for arena type production, but found it would accommodate only a few hundred

spectators. That would suffice for the 299-seat off-Broadway type house, but then where would the big house go? Besides, most viewers would have had to be content with steep, distorting sight lines. That was apparently not objectionable in Shakespeare's time, when some 2,000 people crammed the multistoried galleries of the Globe, but modern theatregoers are more demanding. Beyond such considerations, the main objection to the theatrical reuse of the old interior is not functional but imbedded in the City Building Code.

At that point, therefore, I visited Mr. Cavaglieri, the architect in charge of rebuilding, to find out what he thought could be done. Mr. Cavaglieri is the former president of the Municipal Art Society who arranged the memorable exhibition on New York's landmarks in the Architectural League. He was born in Venice, a city which is in its entirety a testimony to successful preservation. Menacingly wielding a paper knife, he denounced the American cult of obsolescence and pointed out that the present landmark bill protects only the exterior of the buildings.

His proposals for the interior of the Astor landmark show a reasonable balance between his feelings as a conservationist and his desire to satisfy the requirements of Mr. Papp. The solution is an entirely modern treatment of the auditoriums and preservation of as much as possible of the old elements in the lobby and approach areas, which will provide a transition from the façade to the modern parts of the building. Even this presupposes some leniency on the part of the Building Code's guardians, since the Victorian cast-iron columns cannot be externally fire-proofed without destroying their shape and character, and stucco ceilings supported on wooden latticework are not normally permitted in places of public assembly.

Somewhat problematic is Mr. Cavaglieri's plan to reuse original elements in free reconstruction to re-create a measure of original "atmosphere." This practice is much frowned upon in Europe, since it is misleading and reminds one of interior decorators' gimmicks. Yet there may be some merit in the method if it is used with taste and restraint; and it would preserve original elements which must otherwise end up on the dump. The use of modern lighting fixtures in original interiors will also be questioned, but one can recall the success of such precedents as the restoration of Milan's "Castello Sforzesco" where strikingly modern fixtures blend happily with their medieval shell and renaissance wall painting.

A more fundamental and difficult question is whether it is proper to package an activity in a structure that was built for a completely different purpose. The Astor building could have been reused as a

branch library, and a few blocks away the Jefferson County Courthouse is being rebuilt for that purpose. It is an easier conversion than the Astor project, since the new use is more congenial to the original function; still, floor levels have to be changed to permit the movement of book wagons, and there are other complications that would not have arisen had the Astor building been reused as a library. And the Papp enterprise could have moved more conveniently into a disused church, masonic temple or armory, if not into an old theatre building. Let us hope that if the old Metropolitan Opera House is declared a landmark it will not need to be converted into a library or a YMCA.

Admittedly, total conservation of an interior should be attempted only if the architecture is of first-rate importance. In general, some rebuilding of the interior is unavoidable: minimal concessions to the

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necessities of present-day use call for modern plumbing, heating, elevators and compliance with the Building Code. That this need not be disturbing can be seen in architect Venturi's admirable conversion of the old Duke mansion on Fifth Avenue into an art school for New York University.

A case can be made even for preserving only the façade. In the old Swiss city of Bern unbroken lines of perfectly maintained façades form a continuous sequence of historic urban space, even though some of the houses behind them have been replaced by entirely new structures. The method is appropriate when the character of exterior spaces is itself worth saving, and large numbers of structures must be controlled. This leads to the important principle of preserving related groups of historic buildings rather than isolated monuments. A single historic building is often lost, its scale made ridiculous, by the

surrounding modern buildings; the Old State House in Boston, for example, stands like a helpless traffic policeman in the middle of busy State Street. There is better "yield" in the preservation of related buildings; the same "input" of investment returning higher values to the community. Even two such historic buildings establish a relation that exceeds the effect of the two buildings seen in isolation. In the case of the old Astor Library, this connection now exists with Colonnade Row, which should be drawn into the preservation plans. It seems appropriate for use by small university institutes, professional offices or housing for artists and actors.

However, the survival of important landmarks should not hinge on the blind chance that a profit-yielding activity can be found for them. Some subsidies are called for, and so far government attitudes have been parsimonious. If it is true that Sputnik has shamed the United States into increased emphasis and expenditure on education, I wish that some of our legislators would take a trip to Eastern Europe to study the care lavished by the Communist states on feudal forts, palaces of the despised aristocracy, and even on monuments of early capitalism. The experience might shame us into a national-heritage crash program.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

The British import *Morgan!* (the exclamation mark is because the name is constantly being shouted in exasperation) raises an interesting point in the strategy of fiction—to what degree is it feasible to victimize the audience?

The hero of the film, an allegedly promising painter in his late 20s, is an ape idolater. In particular, he is convinced that the vegetarian communism of the gorilla is a way of life entirely preferable to the red-clawed tyrannies of his own species. Morgan comes by such views legitimately, his mother and late father having in their youth been militant cockney adherents to Hyde Park Marxism; but he has also shrewdly married himself to a girl rich enough to support him in anthropoid beatitude. It almost works.

As the film opens, Morgan has returned home from the Continent to discover that his Leonie has sneaked a divorce in his absence, preparatory to marrying a sleek art dealer (Morgan wears both his hair and his sweater very long) who is red-clawed indeed. Outraged both as husband and as dependent, Morgan determines to upset the divorce before it becomes final, and to this end mounts a campaign of helpless charm supported by comic-strip terrorism, and culminating in the abduction of the lady to a remote Welsh lake suitable for Tarzan reveries. He is supported in this whimsical crime by his mother's pal, a simple-minded wrestler who fights under the professional name of Wally the Gorilla.

The wife, though estranged, finds herself aroused by Morgan's rather camp buffoonery and, surprisingly enough, his ambiguous narcissism does not prevent him from exercising a briskly competent heterosexuality. Thus the film progresses, or rather rotates, in an aura of erotic slapstick, employing fragments of old Tarzan

movies, frenzied chases, a stooge mother-in-law, bizarre automobiles, devastated living rooms, a comic policeman, and the bedroom window shade that flies up to disclose a house painter in the opening. These fragments of ancient movie corn give the picture a modish flavor, and David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in the leads are handsome, athletic and possessed of an accurate sense of comic timing. So, although the irresistibility of Morgan's winsomeness seems to me unproved, I was laughing my way along through this piece of sophisticated spoofing that Karel Reisz had found to direct after the much more substantial demands of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *This Sporting Life*.

But then comes the day of Leonie's second marriage, Morgan dons an old gorilla suit and suddenly the slapstick is studded with nails. The fantasy turns to nightmare, the eccentricity becomes insanity, the arch corn turns to sick disgust. I don't think it is justified. It may be said, for example, that Morgan's insanity is clued into the earlier episodes, but we are prevented from reading the hints that way because the pastel optimism of the enterprise contradicts them. Black comedy is black and comic in its whole being; it is not laughter and hot romping for nine-tenths of the way and then a fillip of horror in the end. You can't trick an audience into laughing at what will appall them when they come to understand—or rather you can do that, but the audience is not obliged to thank you for it. And finally, a Morgan who is imaginative enough to throw in his lot with the gorillas and canny enough to make his associates join him in his apish Eden, makes a contemporary point that outlasts the hilarity. A lunatic Morgan makes no point at all. *Morgan!* is a very smart film—in the end, it outsmarts itself.

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